

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 435, Vol. 17.

February 27, 1864.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE SEIZURE OF THE STEAM RAMS.

THERE are occasions when it is equally desirable that an attack should be made on the Government and that it should not succeed, and the seizure of the steam rams furnishes an instance. As the Houses of Parliament and the country, with scarcely a single exception, concur in wishing to avoid a war with America, and in desiring that England should not set the fatal precedent of sending vessels of war from neutral ports to belligerents, the general policy adopted by the Government in dealing with the cases that arise under the Foreign Enlistment Act is sure to meet with a lenient construction. But, in order to carry out this policy, the Government has thought itself obliged to strain, if not to violate, the law; and it is the duty of the Opposition to watch with the utmost jealousy any infraction of the law committed in order that public ends, however desirable, may be served, more especially when, as in the case of the seizure or detention of a vessel belonging to private owners, a hardship may be supposed to be inflicted on English subjects. It is also very necessary that the Ministry should be required to clear itself from the suspicion of having acted under pressure from a foreign Power; and the long hesitation of the Government, coupled with its final adoption of the course demanded with so much urgency and so many threats, by Mr. ADAMS, gave considerable colour to the interpretation that the seizure was ultimately due to fear. The explanations given by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL show that there were facts brought to the knowledge of the Government, in the early part of September, which gave some ground for supposing that, if the law were set in motion, a verdict for the Crown could be obtained, and this disposed the Government to yield to what Mr. ADAMS considered his final effort to bring the English Ministry to its senses. Without the acquisition of this fragment of legal evidence, it is possible that the Government would have remained inactive, but it may very probably turn out, if the truth is ever known, that the evidence thus obtained was of a very faint and imperfect kind. A very little comforts the consciences of those who are longing to yield, and the Government was longing to yield. Even if we were threatened by the United States with a war where we could be sure that right was on our side, we ought to be as long-suffering as our self-respect would permit. But it cannot be said that a war to maintain the right of sending steam rams to sea would have been a just war. We are conscious that, if we had been the sufferers from this exercise of neutral rights, we should have been taking a very different part from that to which we should have been committed last autumn if we had quarrelled with the United States. We have come to the conclusion that we must maintain the doctrine that neutrals shall not send ships of war to sea for the benefit of a belligerent, and it would have been equally impolitic and unjust to place this salutary doctrine in doubt by resenting too hastily either the demand of the Americans or the language in which it was couched. The best defence of Lord RUSSELL is that, while averting the danger of a war by which we should have prevented or imperilled the acceptance of a doctrine most beneficial and even necessary to England, he yet inspired Mr. ADAMS with sufficient respect to make the American Minister feel it impossible to present Mr. SEWARD's offensive despatch.

The doctrine is a new doctrine, and the fact that it is new explains in a great measure both the conduct and the difficulties of the Government. The Foreign Enlistment Act was never designed to prevent the mischief which its provisions are now used to avert, and international law, as Mr. WALPOLE justly observed, permits neutrals to sell ships of war to a belligerent quite as much as cannon and gunpowder. It is true that whenever we have a municipal statute which, if put in force, would serve the purposes of a belligerent, that belligerent,

if on friendly terms with us, may reasonably claim that we shall do what our own law permits in his behalf, so long as his enemy is treated as well by us as he is. But if we are merely asked to put our laws in force for the sake of a foreign Power, we may construe those laws as strictly as we please, and refuse to do anything but what an indisputable obligation binds us to do. And at first it was supposed that the Foreign Enlistment Act, if put in force at all, would be enforced solely for the benefit of the Federals; and, adopting this view, Lord PALMERSTON said that nothing but the amplest legal evidence would justify the Government in seizing any vessel, and that he certainly should not propose to make any new and more stringent law to please a foreign Power. But, as the whole subject became more thoroughly discussed, a change came over the views of the Government and of the country. It was seen that no doctrine could be more favourable to England than the doctrine that a neutral shall not be permitted to send ships of war to sea for the service of a belligerent. No such doctrine existed, but all doctrines of international law must have a beginning; and it seemed highly convenient for England that this doctrine should be started on the application of the Americans, who would be the most formidable of all shipbuilding neutrals to us if we were engaged in a European war. International law is nothing more than the sanction by custom or by express agreement of lines of conduct suiting the wants of civilized nations, and especially of the civilized nations that are most important and powerful. It is therefore no reproach to England that, having once understood her interest in this matter, she has set herself to have her interest properly cared for, and to import into international law a rule that is likely to be advantageous to her. If the rule were not also advantageous to the other great maritime Powers, she could not hope to establish it. But they have acknowledged that it will suit them as well as it will suit us. America has expressly asked that this rule should be adopted, and France followed the example of England in keeping back the steam rams which were building, as it was alleged, for the Confederates in French ports.

We must bear in mind that the Government, with the tacit sanction of the country, was trying to establish a salutary but new doctrine of international law, if we wish to understand what it did. The only mode it had of effecting its object was to make the best use it could of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The gist of the new rule is that neutral Governments shall be required to prevent their subjects from sending vessels of war to sea; and the Government had to enforce this rule as it best could, and had no other machinery but that which the Foreign Enlistment Act supplied. That machinery did not suffice, and the Government ventured to supply the deficiency. Sir HUGH CAIRNS placed it beyond all doubt that the Government, in detaining vessels which it had not grounds for seizing, was guilty of an illegal act. The law knows nothing of this detention of vessels against which there is no legal proof. As Sir HUGH CAIRNS put it, if the Government by its own arbitrary power may detain a vessel for two months, it may detain it for twelve, and the right of the builder over his vessel is taken away without the warrant of any legal tribunal. The Government, therefore, did what in strictness it had no right to do, and the House of Commons would be very faithless to its duties if it did not make every Government feel that all acts of illegality are very dangerous things. But when an act of illegality is alleged, and, as in this case, proved against a Government, the House of Commons will naturally pause before it directly censures its proceedings, and will ask, in the first place, whether the object to effect which the step has been taken is a good object, and whether British subjects have really sustained any serious loss or injury. That it is desirable to prevent the sale of ships of war by a neutral to a belligerent is admitted on all hands, and therefore the main

question is whether British subjects have been damaged by what has taken place. Now it is obvious that the Government has done all in its power to avoid injuring British subjects, so far as was consistent with its main purpose of setting up this new rule of international law; and the inconsistencies of which the Government has been guilty, and on which Sir HUGH CAIRNS commented with so much force and ability, have been due in a great measure to this desire of reconciling the general interests of England with the interests of the British subjects immediately concerned. Sir HUGH CAIRNS asked why the Government did not prosecute the persons who sent the *Alabama* to sea, if it thought that the safe departure of that ship from England was a scandal? The reason is obvious. The Government wanted to stop the sale of ships, but not to give personal annoyance to British subjects. Again, Sir HUGH CAIRNS asked how the Government could justify the offer it made to Messrs. LAIRD to purchase the rams after they had been detained? Here, too, although an offer to buy a ship detained on account of the supposed illegality of its destination seems an inconsistency, the intention was manifestly to protect the British subjects interested from pecuniary loss. The Government could not be perfectly certain that the rams were not built as a private speculation, and it therefore offered to pay the money value of the vessels so as to protect the owners from loss if they were private persons. As Messrs. LAIRD have not been prosecuted, and as they have been offered the money value of their work, they cannot be said to have sustained an injury of a very serious kind. They have undoubtedly been injured, for every Englishman is injured when his Government acts illegally by him, but they have not been injured in their persons or their property. No one can doubt that these rams were built for the Confederate Government, although legal proof of their destination may not be forthcoming; and when contractors deal on a large scale with a Government in the precarious position of the Confederate Government, there can be little question that they have so arranged the terms of payment that no very heavy loss can fall upon them. If these rams are ultimately confiscated, we may be tolerably sure that the loss will be felt at Richmond, and not at Liverpool. But it may be said that in this case we are straining our laws, and striving to introduce a new rule of international law at the expense of the Confederates, although we profess to be rigidly neutral. There is, we fear, no entirely satisfactory answer to this, though it may at least be asserted that there has been neither the intention nor the wish to favour either of the belligerents at the cost of the other. The simple truth is that our interests imperiously demand that the change we are now introducing should be made, and that this change is virtually owing to an extension of commerce, and to improvements in navigation and the arts of war, which did not exist when the rule that ships of war might be furnished to belligerents by neutrals was laid down.

FRANCE AND THE RHINE.

IT is perfectly natural that those who disapprove of the present policy of Austria and Prussia should enforce their remonstrances by pointing out the danger that Germany, after coercing Denmark, may be invaded in turn. Prussia is undoubtedly exposed to the cupidity of a formidable neighbour, and Austria is threatened by the more legitimate hostility of an irreconcilable enemy. If Kings cared for analogies, VICTOR EMMANUEL might, in a declaration of war, draw an ingenious parallel between the Danish tenure of Holstein and the Austrian possession of Venetia. In both cases, a province attached by language and sympathy to a great adjacent nation has, by dynastic connexion or in consequence of diplomatic arrangement, been subjected to alien rule. It is true that Holstein has been annexed to the Danish Crown for centuries, and that, until the Parliament of Copenhagen virtually superseded the King in the exercise of his prerogative, the German Duchy was contented with its foreign sovereign. Venice, on the other hand, has been bitterly dissatisfied from the time when the Republic was given to Austria, at the Treaty of Campo Formio, in exchange for the Austrian Netherlands, which were surrendered to the French Republic. The Italian claim to the reunion of a detached province is stronger than any claim which Austria or her ally can set up to Holstein; but Austria is fighting, not to annex Holstein, but to regulate its relations with the Confederacy and the Danish Government. If the King of ITALY thinks it worth his while to rely on the precedent, the Austrian Generals will practically reply that the

garrison of the Quadrilateral is considerably more numerous than the army which evacuated the Dannenwerke. It is not impossible that war between Austria and Italy may break out during the present year, nor can it be denied that any disturbance of the peace increases the likelihood of a general resort to arms. In short, the attitude of Italy and the discontent of Hungary furnish legitimate arguments against the policy of Austria in Denmark, and writers who think it profitable to urge on the Court of Vienna arguments with which it is perfectly familiar may console themselves for their waste of time by the consciousness that their truisms are not altogether irrelevant. An Austrian disputant on the other side of the controversy would perhaps reply that the Italian armament and menaces had precipitated the intervention in Holstein and Schleswig. It may have been thought expedient to finish the less arduous enterprise in the winter and early spring, as a preparation for the contingencies of the summer. The collateral object of securing the gratitude and eventual aid of the German Confederation has probably not been forgotten, although it was thought necessary to supersede the independent action of the Diet and the minor States. Nevertheless, although the motives of Austria are intelligible, politicians who believe in the efficacy of scolding have a fair opportunity for indulging their favourite propensity.

It is less expedient to palliate by anticipation the future aggressions of France, and the blunder is inexcusable on the part of those assailants of Germany who habitually regard the designs of the Emperor NAPOLEON with anxiety and alarm. There is no use in dinning into open and eager ears the assertion that Prussia has, of all Powers, the most to fear from a disregard of the treaties which regulate territorial limits. There are apparently English politicians who think that the world began in 1815, unless, indeed, historical research ventures as far back as the wars of the French Revolution. No pretension more monstrous than the claim of France to the left bank of the Rhine has ever been asserted by the apologists of lawless violence; and it ill becomes Englishmen, under the influence of temporary irritation, to countenance a wrongful claim which it may hereafter be necessary to resist. Although the threat is addressed to Prussia and Germany, it is overheard and recorded by the Power which is thoughtlessly invoked as a bugbear. The parents of the babes who were afterwards lost in the wood might safely appeal to the nursery terrors of the ghost in the closet, or the black man in the chimney; but they were highly indiscreet if they threatened their children, in the presence of the wicked uncle, with violent death and with the loss of their inheritance. The anticipated punishment of Germany bears no definite relation to the crime, and the menace involves a recognition of claims which have not the smallest historical foundation. The only title of France to those parts of Rhenish Germany which have not already been absorbed is founded on a former possession of some portions of the left bank for twenty years, and of the remainder for thirteen. French writers, indeed, have found it necessary to invent a law of nature or of nations for the purpose of justifying the proposed advance of the frontier. They often declare that, because the Rhine is a great river, it is the natural boundary between France and Germany, although NAPOLEON arrived at the further conclusion that his possession of one bank gave him a right to the other. A few years ago, France was bounded on the south-east by the Var, which is in some respects a better frontier than the Rhine, because it is not suited to navigation. NAPOLEON III., however, insisted on the acquisition of the whole basin of the river, and on the removal of the Italian frontier to the crest of the Maritime Alps. Even if the natural configuration of ground determined the law of national possession, the Germans would have a better right to the frontier of the Vosges than the French to the frontier of the Rhine. The most vehement German partisans claim Schleswig on alleged grounds of history and law, and not because its northern boundary would be a convenient line of demarcation.

It is true that Prussia and Bavaria hold their possessions on the left bank of the Rhine in virtue of the Treaties of Paris and Vienna, but neither Power occupies an inch of soil which has ever rightfully belonged to France. Their dominions were extended at the expense of German States, although the French Republic and Empire held the country for a few years by the simple right of conquest. The Electorate of Cologne, the Electorate of Trèves, the Duchy of Zweibrücken, and many petty States were forcibly wrenched from the Empire; and when the conqueror was finally overthrown, it was impossible to dispute the claim of Germany to restitution, although it was a grave question how the new territorial system should be arranged for the interests of the common security. Since the

Empire of CHARLES the Great was divided by his grandsons more than a thousand years ago, none of the coveted territory has been alienated from Germany, except during the disastrous interval in which the mediæval Roman Empire disappeared. Large portions of Germany are still included in the French dominions, and although they were wrongfully acquired, the spoliation has been consecrated by time, and probably by the willing obedience of the inhabitants. The French Monarchy rewarded itself, under RICHELIEU, for its share in the troubles of the Thirty Years' War, by the annexation of Metz, of Toul, of Verdun, and of the greater part of Alsace. LOUIS XIV. possessed himself treacherously of the city of Strasburg. LOUIS XV. took Lorraine from the ancestor of the present Emperor of AUSTRIA. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war a few German patriots hoped to recover Alsace, Lorraine, and the Three Bishoprics; and, after Waterloo, Prussia was only prevented by the firm opposition of the Duke of WELLINGTON from reclaiming a considerable portion of the old German provinces. The territory which is the present subject of French covetousness and of thoughtless English menaces was overrun by the Republican armies in 1793 and 1794. At the Peace of Basle in 1794, the King of PRUSSIA, who had a few months before repelled with indignation the suspicion of some similar arrangement, abandoned to France his own dominions and the possessions of his allies on the left bank of the Rhine, and proceeded to compensate himself by the acquisition of a part of Westphalia. By the Treaty of Luneville, in 1801, Austria consented to surrender the German territory on the left bank, so that the towing-path on the German side of the Rhine became the frontier of France from Switzerland to Holland. It is not known whether the claims of France, if they are revived, will extend to the former boundary on the right bank, or whether the law of nature rather designates the mid-channel as the proper frontier. It is absurd to treat the re-conquest of the parts of Germany which the French had acquired by force of arms as an insignificant preliminary to the Treaty of Vienna. In 1815 the Allies held France as well as Germany at their disposal, and it was only through the moderation of English counsels that they were induced to abstain from any attempt to dismember the ancient monarchy. The annexations which had been effected by force naturally fell off as soon as the balance was reversed. Catalonia and Castile had equally been occupied by French armies, but it was not thought worth while to provide, when they were evacuated, that they should resume their independent existence as provinces of Spain. The dangerous and ambiguous pretext of nationality can, fortunately, not be used as a pretext for the spoliation of German districts which are inhabited by an unmixed German population. The Savoyards talked a dialect of French, and their country sloped to France. The county of Nice, though it was Italian, lay on the French side of the mountains. But Rhenish Prussia and Bavaria are German in language, and their plains incline to the river which unites them with the rest of Germany. The ancient city of Cologne, the national University of Bonn, the legendary home of the Nibelungen at Worms, are assuredly not destined to become French by any law except the law of the strongest. If the warnings which are officially addressed to Germany were founded on reason, the enterprise of Austria and Prussia and the agitation of the German people would, to a certain extent, be provided with an excuse. It might be plausibly urged that the union which is necessary to repel or deter French aggression will be most effectually cemented by a common understanding. Schleswig and Holstein have, for the first time in history, supplied the entire nation with a subject of agreement, although the Governments of Austria and Prussia are hampered by engagements which force them to resist or evade the popular feeling. Holstein and Southern Schleswig share the sympathies of Germany, while there is no reason to suspect the Rhenish population of a base willingness to submit to alien dominion. Universal suffrage following in the wake of a French army is good enough for Mexicans; but it would be an insult to Germans to suppose that they can be manipulated with similar ease.

If, indeed, the German nation, after finding the miniature wrongs of Holstein and Schleswig intolerable, were to submit tamely to a French partition, it would not be the business of England to defend a country so helpless and effete. In the more probable case of indignant resistance to spoliation, English support, though it might be almost superfluous, would certainly not be wanting. For the present, it is neither desirable to render a German alliance impossible, nor to tempt French ambition by phrases which may be thought to convey

a pledge of neutrality or of active complicity. The concert of England and France has often been beneficial, and the best security for their friendship is the tacit understanding that neither Power is to aim at territorial aggrandisement in Europe.

BIT-BY-BIT REFORM.

IF any one with an imaginative mind were inclined to personify so prosaic an idea as the ten-pound county franchise, he might make of it the subject of a truly tragic tale. A touching myth might be constructed out of its sorrowful story. The enthusiasm it once inspired, the uses it has served, and the uncomfortable dislike with which its advances are repelled now that it is no longer needed, naturally suggest the similitude of the maiden wooed, persuaded, and betrayed. Unhappily for the political DON JUANS in whose honour so ill-requited a confidence was reposed, the simile seems likely to be followed out still further. Their heart-broken victim, though driven from their door, will not submit in silence to her wrongs, and her importunity is becoming exceedingly vexatious. Those who in times past overstepped the bounds of a mere flirtation with her have mended their ways. They desire to keep sober, settled, respectable society now. They wish to forget the unseemly intimacies in which they once delighted, and to keep clear of such low company as Reform projects, franchise extensions, and the like. But their victim will not leave them to fulfil in peace their resolutions of amendment of life. She will put them to the blush by her unwelcome presence just at the most inconvenient moments. Is there no remedy? Must they always have the sins of their youth cast in their teeth, now that they have reached sober and tranquil middle-age, and have put aside the guilty sentimentalisms of their youth? Is there no way of reducing MR. LOCKE KING to silence? When a fashionable young man, having duly harvested his wild oats, resigns himself to respectability and a bride, it is usual, in the interests of order, to station detectives in plain clothes at the door of the church, in order, in the language of the police, "to keep an eye upon previous attachments." Can no similar protection be afforded to the once wild but now repentant leaders of parties in the House of Commons?

Stern moralists may think that any compassion for those who are undergoing the natural retribution of their own errors is overstrained. Be this as it may, at least some pity is due to those who are suffering for the sins of others. The majority of the present House of Commons have never bowed the knee to BAAL. It seems hard therefore upon them that they should be doomed to an annual discussion, or rather two or three discussions, which can issue in no practical result. The measure proposed by MR. LOCKE KING obtains an illusory support from members who have pledged themselves to it in days when Reform of any kind was thought to be the winning cause, or who may now represent constituencies that have been taught to apply this particular cry as a test of political orthodoxy. A few of the most extreme men may perhaps support it from the mere desire to get the crowbar anywhere into the fissures of the building which they are eager to pull down. But it is very doubtful if there is a single man who supports it upon its intrinsic merits. The angry controversies of the last fifteen years, if they have done no other good, have at least had the effect of thoroughly discrediting what is called bit-by-bit Reform. At the commencement of those discussions, an impression prevailed, even among practical statesmen, that the reform of the Constitution was a very simple matter. It was merely a question of addition and subtraction. Add a little more power to the poorer classes here, take a little away from the richer classes there, and continue that process until the supremacy of the one over the other should culminate in manhood suffrage. Some men might wish to go further than others; some might hope to stop short, at least for a considerable number of years, at some intermediate stage. But the only difference was one of degree. There was no contest whatever as to the direction of the movement which the word Reform was supposed to imply. The vehement controversy which has since taken place has operated a great change in the modes of thought under which these proposals are examined. MR. BAIGER's failure to influence the middle classes, and the curious lessons which are being taught by the working of practical experiments in America and France, have dispelled the sentimental and practical halo which surrounded the question of Reform. MR. BAIGER's speeches have shown that Reform has a hard pecuniary meaning. The object at which, by his own avowal, it is directed is to transfer the

possession of land and money from the hands of one set of people to the hands of another set of people. If Mr. BRIGHT knows what he is about, it has become clear that the transference of political power would carry with it a transference of a more material and sensible kind. On the other hand, the examples of America and France have convinced people that things which to some minds are of more consequence even than the rights of property are placed in hazard by democratic change. It is now no matter of theory, but of plain fact, that democracy necessarily carries with it equality; and that equality, by the operation of an irresistible law, verges to the concentration of power in a single hand.

When any proposal, therefore, of Reform is now put forward, the first question which each man asks himself is, how it is likely to affect the balance of power between classes. For on the maintenance of that balance substantially as it is now adjusted, depends not only the security of property, but the preservation of liberty itself. From this point of view, bit-by-bit Reformers of the fashion that obtained when Mr. LOCKE KING began his endless crusade, are necessarily self-condemned. Few people will deny, theoretically, that the British Constitution is capable of amendment. It is full of anomalies which are in some cases so extreme as to be ridiculous. But, if altered at all, it must be altered as a whole. A violent change in a single part would be fatal to the equipoise in which the present adjustment of conflicting forces has resulted. To lower the franchise purely and simply, without making any corresponding change in the other direction, and to expect the Constitution then to produce the same effects as it does now, is as reasonable as to expect that an equation will not be injured by adding fresh figures to one side of it, or to hope that, if you take all the alkalies out of a doctor's prescription, the patient will be cured just as well by the acids that are left behind.

Such proposals as that of Mr. BAINES and Mr. LOCKE KING are simply a nuisance, and nothing more. It is absurd to suppose that they can ever be allowed to pass, so long as any kind of statesmanship prevails in either House of Parliament. There are two kinds of Reform, the adoption of either of which is possible under favourable circumstances. Some projector may be fortunate enough to discover, and to persuade others that he has discovered, a plan of Reform which shall remove the most glaring of our present anomalies without imperilling the balance of political power. It is an enigma upon which many have tried their ingenuity; but though several have contrived to convince themselves that they have succeeded, that conviction has never extended itself further. On the other hand, it is conceivable that in times of peculiar excitement a very different Reform Bill might be called for. A measure might be proposed having avowedly for its object to take away political power from those who have it now, and to give it to others. The object of such a measure could not be misunderstood, and would scarcely be concealed. The speeches lately delivered by Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. FORSTER plainly show that a transfer of material advantages from one class to another would be the aim of such a Reform. If, by any unhappy combination of weakness upon one side and excitement on the other, a proposal of this kind could be introduced with any hope of success, it would at least be intelligible and logical. But such projects as those of Mr. LOCKE KING have no claim to consideration from the honest supporters of any set of views. Unless they are stupid blunders, they are grossly insincere. They are measures in effect revolutionary, and yet even in that sense incomplete; and they are proposed under the plea that no great change would come of them. It may be right that the Constitution should be recast, and that a new class should be installed in power; but no statesmen of any party will endure that it should be done surreptitiously, by measures of professed innocence, under the guise of sham moderation.

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND DENMARK.

AUSTRIA and Prussia have assented to a Conference which will not involve a suspension of hostilities; and the concession must be taken for what it is worth. There is reason to believe that Austria at least intends to act with good faith both to Denmark and to England. The more questionable policy of Prussia will be, in a certain degree, controlled by the necessity of presenting a tenable case to the assembled Plenipotentiaries. But it is not altogether certain that the Conference will meet, for the Diet may perhaps refuse to take part in the discussion, and the two Great Powers may have made their own acquiescence contingent on the participation of their Confederates. For the present, therefore, it can only be said that the remonstrances and overtures of the English Cabinet

have not been positively rejected. The entrance of the Prussian troops into Jutland seemed, for a time, to threaten additional complications, but the Austrian Government openly disapproves of the proceeding, and Marshal WRANGEL is especially bound to respect the decisions of a Sovereign who has entrusted a foreign general with the chief command of his troops. The only military operations which are likely to be prosecuted will be confined to the island of Alsen and to its outpost at Düppel. The deliberations of the Conference, if they take place, will not inspire sanguine hopes of a satisfactory settlement. The Diet and the non-German Powers have no common basis of negotiation, and Denmark is scarcely so humbled as to consent to the merely personal union which will be proposed by Austria. The ambiguous intentions of Prussia may possibly receive a faint light from the announcement that the Grand Duke of OLDENBURG has extended the powers formerly conceded to Prussia of creating a naval station in the Bay of Jühde, near the mouth of the Weser; and, as the House of OLDENBURG possesses certain reversionary claims on the succession of Holstein, it is possible that the arrangement at Jühde may be a part of a more comprehensive bargain. The Prussian Minister would gladly acquire Holstein for his own Government, but, in the present temper of Europe and Germany, the scheme could not be safely proposed. As M. VON BISMARCK is unfriendly to the AUGUSTENBURG family, he may perhaps, on the whole, be inclined to abide by the provisions of the Treaty of 1852; so that, after all, English diplomacy may be able to congratulate itself on the success of a policy which has no recommendation except its conformity with the letter of international engagements. The Duke of AUGUSTENBURG, who is heir in the male line of Holstein, and, by female descent from CHRISTIAN VII., of Denmark and Schleswig, will have been excluded from the succession; the people of Holstein and of Southern Schleswig will be compelled, for the present, to acknowledge an alien dynasty; and Austria and Prussia will be left to settle as they may their domestic quarrel with the Princes of Germany. It may be right that all these inconveniences should be preferred to the failure of a treaty which bears the signature of an English Minister, but the result is not so admirable as to have been worth attaining at the expense of a war.

If a declaration of war would have been absurd, and absolute non-interference undignified, only two alternatives were presented to the choice of the English Government. When the divergence of policy between the minor States and the great German Powers began to disclose itself, the Diet and the extreme party might perhaps have been open to overtures from England, as they have since shown themselves dangerously ready to intrigue with France. The Princes are far more solicitous to save themselves from being mediatized than to extort from Denmark either provinces or privileges; and it is perhaps possible that, although they have leagued themselves against Austria and Prussia on behalf of Schleswig and Holstein, they might have been induced by skilful diplomacy to content themselves with the opportunity of inflicting a check upon those Powers. There is no reason why Englishmen should sympathize, in Germany more than in Italy, with petty sovereigns who fritter away the strength of a nation by subdivision; yet there is something to be said in favour of an alliance with Governments which are for the moment identified with the Liberal and national party. Every patriot who desires the unity of Germany, every Prussian who detests the insolence of BISMARCK, is heartily opposed to the arbitrary conduct of Austria and Prussia. It might have been desirable to conciliate the advocates of independence and the friends of freedom, but, in approaching the extreme German party, it would have been necessary to propose a compromise which would scarcely have been consistent with the obligations of the treaty. As the only reason which could justify the English Government in any form of interference was the unlucky engagement to recognise the new Danish rule of succession, a proposal to concede a portion of the German claims would have defeated the object of the negotiation. The popular party would have insisted on the acquisition of Holstein, if not of Schleswig; and England, in renouncing the principle of the treaty would have lost the right of protesting against the future aggressions of the greater or the smaller Powers. The scruples of England have, as in many other instances, left room for the blandishments of France. The Emperor NAPOLEON, though as Prince President he signed the Treaty of 1852, has thought fit to declare that it is obsolete; and his agents are inflaming the dispute between the petty German States and the belligerent Governments. His subjects will applaud a policy which revives the

hope of French preponderance, and perhaps of territorial aggrandisement. The English Government could scarcely have made a similar policy intelligible at home, nor could it have had any motive for propagating German dissensions.

The only feasible method of promoting the objects of the Treaty was to deal with Austria and Prussia as long as they professed the intention of performing their promises. If strong language is thought desirable, Lord PALMERSTON may be acquitted of the charge of using any but the most energetic phrases to denounce the anomalous invasion of Schleswig. Bloodshed can only be redeemed by enthusiasm founded on a conviction of right, and the slaughter of Danish and German soldiers in a purely diplomatic or political cause has excited natural indignation against the Powers which are visibly and immediately concerned in the aggression. Yet it must not be forgotten that a conflict was inevitable, and that the thorough-going enemies of Denmark would have attempted the complete conquest of Schleswig. The forcible opposition of Austria and Prussia would have almost certainly led to civil war; and if, on the other hand, England had interfered on the side of Denmark, the two Great Powers would have been compelled to defend the claims of Germany. There is some foundation for the popular belief that the belligerent Governments are fighting against their own subjects and countrymen rather than against their ostensible enemy, and England is consequently regarded in Germany as the ally and accomplice of absolutism and reaction. If the choice of a policy were absolutely free, it would be injudicious to alienate the goodwill of the German nation; but the Houses of Parliament, and the political classes, as they are almost disposed to take the part of Denmark, would render any approximation of the Government to the cause of the German Liberals altogether impossible. If Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL are hereafter thought to have played into the hands of France, they may fairly urge that they are now reproached with their alleged hesitation in driving Germany to seek a rival alliance. The Ministers have at least the merit of abstaining from the reckless violence with which some of their adversaries invite France to punish Austria and Prussia by the lawless annexation of Rhenish Germany.

The States which have joined in the Würzburg Conference, and the leaders of the German National Union, are playing a dangerous game. They are indignant against Austria and Prussia for prohibiting a war of conquest against Denmark, and, in their conscious inability to resist the two great military Powers, they are almost prepared to rely on the support of France, and to encourage the Italians in their design against the Austrian possessions in Venetia. No censure can be too severe for the selfish levity of the Princes who, six months ago, surrounded the Emperor of AUSTRIA in the Imperial Hall of Frankfort under the pretence of reforming the Federal Constitution and of promoting the unity of the nation. They had full notice that the reigning dynasty of Denmark might become extinct, and that Austria had formally promised to acknowledge the succession of the GLÜCKSBURG branch. Saxony and Württemberg were themselves bound by the same treaty, though they have since repudiated their obligations; and Bavaria and Baden abstained from stipulating any conditions in favour of Schleswig, or of the AUGUSTENBURG claimant. On the death of FREDERICK VII. the minor Princes hoped to profit by the enthusiasm of their subjects in the cause of Schleswig and Holstein, and they have been frightened by the strong measures of Austria and Prussia into the project of a French alliance. Whatever may have been the motives of the Princes who attended the Congress of Frankfort, the deputies of the States who simultaneously held their meetings in a neighbouring building were not, in August last, bent on securing the minor Courts against the controlling influence which is the first condition of national unity. The French protectorate means the perpetuation of petty States, and the government of all Germany by the old-fashioned method of division. If the Governments carry their intrigues too far, they may probably find that they have forfeited the allegiance which they hoped to strengthen. Their display of calculated zeal for a cause which Germans have, rightly or wrongly, taught themselves to regard as national, will not atone for a treasonable subservience to the ambitious policy of France.

THE FIVE PIRATES.

THE opponents of capital punishment must have found it a difficult task to urge their mischievous crotchet in the teeth of the case of the five pirates and murderers who were hanged at the Old Bailey on Monday. To do them justice, they confined themselves to a very puerile argument. Ran-

sacking the Dictionary of Synonyms, they endeavoured with noteworthy ingenuity to bring hanging into disrepute by giving it all sorts of fantastic names. "Five men brought 'out to die'; 'slain in due form of law'; 'strangled like 'dogs'; 'the field of blood'; 'the feast of blood'—bloodshedding being always an incident of strangulation; 'St. CALCRAFT the arch-priest of the persuasion which deems 'human sacrifice the great civilizer of the age'; 'wholesale 'strangling'; 'five men choked to death'; 'a large crop of 'gibbet-fruit'—these and the like are figures and flowers of speech highly creditable to the ingenuity of the penny-a-liners of the penny papers, and with epigrammatic force condense volumes of argument in neat and appropriate phrases. The *Daily Telegraph*, as becomes an acknowledged master of the art of fine writing, comes out in its very fullest force on the occasion. The opening sentence of its leader has not been excelled even by the writer on bottles. "Yesterday, in 'the thick morning air, the hangman finished the 'story of the *Flowery Land* with the sharp slamming 'of the drop and the sudden agony of dislocated neck-bones and choked lungs." On the anatomical question we regret to see a difference between the physiological science of the leader-writer and that of the reporter, both of whom dwell on the details of the scaffold with the same prurient modesty which once gave us the furniture of a soiled dove's nest only for the sake of an emphatic Oh, fie! While the leader-writer has no doubt about the "dislocated neck-bones," the reporter assures us that "it 'seldom or never happens that any of the vertebrae are 'severed"—by which is probably meant separated—"when 'a man is hanged." We are then treated to more verbal witticisms and variations on the theme of hanging. "A 'homicide natural and authentic was perpetrated before the 'eyes of the surging, blasphemous crowd"—a homicide, as the writer goes on without a particle of proof to suggest, the less necessary because, as he hints, these bloody murderers might have had something to say for themselves could they have spoken English; and because, moreover, they had probably been "spurned and trampled on" and "not treated like 'human beings" by the murdered captain, of whose character all we know is that it has been sworn in evidence that he was a very humane and considerate person. However, these ingenious authors have done their best. Let us be thankful for some quaint additions to the *copia verborum* of the English language, and for the increase of our geographical knowledge which we owe to one of these public instructors, who incidentally informs us that Valparaiso is on the River Plate.

At all events, it is some satisfaction to find that even the turgid declaimers against capital punishment generally admit that no wretches ever met a more righteous doom—supposing that, in any case, we are justified in inflicting death—than the five pirates and murderers of the *Flowery Land*. No doubt the spectacle was an exceptionally appalling one, but only because the crime was an exceptionally horrible one. Five men were executed, but six were murdered—the mate, the captain, and his brother, under the usual circumstances of treachery, though with even unusual brutality and cruelty, on the open sea, and subsequently the steward and two Chinese, in sight of land. The destruction of the ship and cargo, the mutiny and piracy, are of course of small account in the indictment, save that these crimes almost necessarily involved that of murder. The very rarity of the crime of mutiny and murder on the high seas is an additional reason, if such were wanted, for visiting it with unusual severity. The ease with which it may be perpetrated, the utter impossibility of any aid, the entire helplessness of a captain and officers in the presence of numbers, the necessity which the merchant service often entails of sweeping up a scratch crew from the very scum of marine life, the consequences not only to social order but to our national existence, compel us to resort to the severest measures to prevent piracy, with its almost inevitable result of murder. And in proportion as we have relaxed our penal laws in the case of offences against mere property, the more necessary is it to repress with stern severity crime against life. The usual argument against capital punishment, derived from the increasing leniency of the criminal law, is in fact one of the strongest reasons for retaining the last and most awful penalty in the case of the worst and most irremediable of crimes. Because we no longer hang a man for forgery or sheep-stealing, the more, not the less, necessary is it to hang him for murder. If the sanctity of human life stands a thing apart, so must the safeguards of life stand apart. Nor is it any argument against capital punishment that it fails to extirpate the crime of which

it is the penalty. We have plenty of experience to warn us in this matter of remission of punishment; and the proved failure of lenient inflictions to prevent all other crimes against the person more than justifies us in retaining severity in the case of the last and worst offence against society. Yet, after all, it is not for its actual or possible deterring consequences alone that we advocate the retention of capital punishment; nor have we ever hesitated to say that we admit the retaliatory or, as it is invidiously termed, the "vindictive" idea of the punishment of death. If the supreme Human Law is, in all other respects, the impersonation of the Divine Law, and in a high sense its Vicegerent, entrusted under any circumstances with the duty of awarding recompense and retribution, there is no reason why, in vindication of a Divine Law belonging as much to Nature as to Revealed Religion, we should refuse to carry out its sanctions in the case of life as in the case of property. And when it is said that we have no right to abridge or to prevent the opportunity for a possible repentance even in the case of the worst criminal, it surely argues a strange view of the final award of Divine justice to suppose that such a contingency cannot be provided for by Infinite Wisdom. To be consistent, the opponents of capital punishment should be prepared to abolish the general right of punishment, or they must adopt the curious view of the Arabian community which Mr. PALGRAVE describes, who punish petty larceny, but leave all serious crimes to the vengeance of ALLAH. If we do a man spiritual wrong in hanging him, we may also be doing him spiritual wrong in sending him to the county gaol. It might be argued that, as it is said the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him, so the worst thing you can do to a man is to shut him up in prison. In penal servitude you may, and perhaps do, encourage all evil passions, prevent repentance, spoil the temper, and harden the heart. If the alleged injury to the criminal is to be considered in one case, it must be allowed in the other, and the argument against capital punishment resolves itself at last into an objection to all punishment.

The fanatical party, however, are wise in their generation. With the real object of getting rid of capital punishment, the execution of last Monday has been made the pretext for an appeal against the manner of it, and Mr. EWART's motion for abolition has been anticipated by a reconnaissance under Mr. HIBBERT on the demoralizing effects of public executions. That this is the real meaning of Mr. HIBBERT's motion is clear from the circumstance that he found a seconder in one who is against all executions, but in favour of their publicity if they are to be at all. Of course the scene of last Monday has been eagerly seized to repeat the usual melodramatic accounts of the brutality and turbulence which accompanies an execution at the Old Bailey. As to the facts, there is a direct conflict of evidence. Lord HENRY LENNOX, with a zeal for Christianity highly creditable to the House of Commons, and the penny newspapers make the most of the hideous behaviour of the crowd. Other witnesses, however, are produced who certify to a different demeanour on the part of the assemblage; and Lord GREY DE RUTHIN pits his personal testimony as to the conduct of an Old Bailey mob against that of Lord HENRY LENNOX, whose description (though of course it was his first and only appearance in front of the drop) is as minute and particular as though he were the SELWYN of the day, and had attended every execution for the last twenty years. It is quite possible that spectators with their minds made up find what they hope to find; and without impugning the intentional accuracy of either noble lord, we must say—and we say it with all deference to Mr. DICKENS and the gentlemen who find it easier to paint what is noisy and repulsive than what is subdued and orderly—the behaviour of a crowd has nothing to do with the issue. If the mob at a hanging consists of the scum of London, it is that very class which we want collected on such an occasion. And, moreover, we do not hang men only to impress the roughs and scamps who make up all crowds—a crowd at a fire just as much as a crowd at an execution. Nor can Mr. DICKENS, or Lord HENRY LENNOX, or anybody else, tell how many are deterred from crime by seeing an execution; still less, which is the real question, how many possible murderers are deterred by the simple fact that a murderer is hanged. Even deep feeling may be, and often is, concealed by a coarse and brutal show of insensibility; and the profane and blasphemous oath with which an incipient SYKES braves out, or even pretends to enjoy, the horrid spectacle of the gallows is no proof that he has not got a lesson which will serve him for life. Alderman SIDNEY seems to feel that the City is very hardly dealt with because its officials have to try and hang

offenders on the high seas. Why, he plaintively asks, should a man be hanged in the heart of the City for a murder committed three thousand miles away? Perhaps it never occurred to him that Liverpool or Little Pedlington might put the same question; and the only remedy for the monstrous injustice of which he complains would have been to have half hung the pirates in the middle of the Atlantic and to have completed the job on the Monte Videan coast.

So far are we from accepting the recommendation of the Lords' Committee in favour of private executions that we do not think executions can be too public. Indeed, we see no particular objection, at least in the case of pirates and sea murderers, to the old practice of gibbeting them down the river. Lascars and Manila men in the East of London, from which port the *Flowery Land* was manned, want a lesson that they can read. Just as in old days pictures in churches were called *Biblia Pauperum*, so the gibbet down the desolate Thames Reaches would be a practical Newgate Calendar which all nations and languages could spell out. We much doubt whether the crime and the doom of these five murderers will be much talked of in the Atlantic or at Singapore; but those interesting Malays who swarm about St. George's in the East, and who, we have been told, are "docile, humble" creatures, easy to manage as dogs, want the lesson that here in England we have a trick of hanging dogs who are over-free with their teeth. And this lesson cannot be presented in too visible or too permanent a form. Sir GEORGE GREY, to do him justice, for once deviated into good sense—partly perhaps because it was the good sense of an official tradition—as he certainly expressed the general feeling, when he recounted all the objections against private executions. It is well that we have been reminded that the alternative to public execution suggested to, and as it seems approved by, a Committee of the Lords, is either that a jury should be empanelled just as other juries are to witness the execution within the prison walls, or that the bodies of those who are executed in private should be exposed in public for the purposes of identifying them and inspiring public terror—the only result of which notable expedients would be to increase both the present crowd and to add to its indecencies.

THE PARIS PLOT.

THE indictment in which, after the French fashion, all the history of the alleged plot against the EMPEROR's life is set out is a curious and interesting document. It is conceived in the usual spirit of French official grandiloquence, and, in addition to a summary of the evidence that is to be offered at the approaching trial, contains a series of ornamental biographies of the prisoners, a record of the superhuman vigilance of the police, and a lavish tribute of praise to the authorities who were engaged in preventing the crime. As the story is stated in this indictment, the guilt of the accused is made to appear as much a matter of historical certainty as the expulsion of the BOURBONS or the death of NAPOLEON at St. Helena; and it is an instructive commentary on the administration of justice in France to hear that, even after the publication of the indictment, opinion in Paris is equally divided on the point whether this plot ever had any existence at all or whether it is a mere fiction of the police, got up for political purposes, and intended as a gentle reminder to France and Europe of the extreme value of the EMPEROR's life. But, taking the facts as they are stated, there does not seem much room for doubt. The evidence is derived from three sources—from the discoveries of the police who watched the conspirators night and day during the week that elapsed between their arrival at Paris and their arrest, from the weapons and letters found on them or in their possession, and from their confessions. Indeed, if confessions are worth anything, as they have all confessed their guilt, there ought to be little room for further doubt. They arrived in Paris on the morning of Christmas Day, and when they got there the police were already on the watch for them. The timely warning which the police had received seems like a strong testimony to the use of a system of passports, for the suspicions of a police-officer at the frontier were excited by his observing that the papers carried by one of them bore the name of TRABUCCO, which the vigilant official instantly remembered as having been notified to him as that of a dangerous conspirator. When we come to the biography of TRABUCCO, we therefore naturally look to see what grounds there could have been for so strong and positive a denunciation. But we look in vain. TRABUCCO is described as a "professor of the horn," and he originally exercised his professional powers on board certain French ships. He was afterwards convicted of swindling at Paris, and in 1858

he was ordered to leave France. He apparently never entered France again, and lived chiefly in London, where he "professed" the horn in that disagreeable way in which some foreigners are apt to profess the horn under the windows of quiet people, and was sentenced to three months' seclusion for theft. He left our inhospitable shores, and the French police do not know what became of him until they produce him again at Genoa in 1863. And yet we are informed that in 1862 he was suddenly and specially denounced at all the French frontiers as a dangerous conspirator, and the official at St. Louis, where he entered France, immediately recognised his name, and telegraphed to Paris. Perhaps we may guess that the suspicions of this ARGUS were excited not so much by TRABUCCO's name as by his luggage, which was of a quaint and light sort even for a foreigner, and consisted simply of a horn and a game-bag. However, when they got to Paris, they afforded the police plenty of excellent sport. They did not speak to each other openly, and yet all made their way to the same hotel, and shifted their quarters two or three times in as many days. Apparently, when they went out, they each separately left word that they were going at once to London, which would seem at Paris to be a vague but irrefragable answer to all inquiries, just as Paterfamilias in *Punch*, when he wants to have a snug dinner at Greenwich, leaves word at home that he is gone to meet a friend in the City. All the actions of the conspirators betrayed uneasiness, the indictment tells us, and they went about in an aimless way very slowly up and down the Champs Elysées, as if the EMPEROR might be supposed to turn up suddenly from behind one of the trees. Two of them also went to a hairdresser's, "under the pretence of having their hair dressed," and afterwards had a long stare at the passage by which the EMPEROR quits the Opera; and in short, as the indictment puts it, "all their actions clearly revealed their designs."

The police acted precisely in the very nick of time. To have acted sooner would have cut short all the train of evidence derivable from men driving slowly in the Champs Elysées, and going to a hairdresser's under pretence of having their hair dressed. To have acted later would have endangered the EMPEROR's life. It had been arranged that the powder should not be put into the bombs until the very last moment. The police made the arrest about an hour after the powder had been put in, and no one can deny that this was a proof of the most marvellous sagacity. The weapons they found in possession of their prisoners were enough to have killed a dozen Emperors. Even TRABUCCO's game-bag had got in it two bombs tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, and our horror of the crime with which he is charged leaves some room for pity at the discomfort of a man whom mistaken patriotism prompts to travel with no other luggage but a horn, of which he is a professor, two bombs, and a pocket-handkerchief. There were eight bombs, each having from six to twelve nipples; there were poniards, revolvers, and a gun-cane. The subsequent confession of one of the conspirators enabled the police to assert that the poniards were poisoned, and they found something gummy on one of the blades, only unfortunately, when the experts were called in to analyse the gummy substance, they discovered that the poison had evaporated. However, there could be no mistake about the bombs and revolvers, and what was wanting by way of complete proof was soon added by the wholesale revelations of one of the conspirators. This man, named GRECO, asserted that he had been the main contriver of the plot, and that the others acted under him, and by his directions, while he himself took his orders from MAZZINI. GRECO left nothing doubtful on this head. It was MAZZINI himself who expressly and personally hired him to kill the EMPEROR. MAZZINI sent him in the spring of last year to reconnoitre the ground, and gave him written instructions how to provide himself with money and arms if any opportunity of action offered during his stay at Paris. But the EMPEROR was not at Paris then, and so GRECO went back again, and, in conjunction with MAZZINI, arranged the details of the plot to execute which he came with his three accomplices to Paris in December. He submitted the names of his associates to MAZZINI, who approved of them, and he received from MAZZINI personally a considerable sum of money for the purposes of the conspiracy, and from intimate friends of MAZZINI the weapons that were necessary.

GRECO, who was, according to his own account, the author of the plot, and who alone had any direct dealings or communication with MAZZINI, was the first to turn upon his tools and to tell the history of their doings. When the police had got GRECO's confession, they then employed that skill in getting the confessions of the other prisoners which so seldom

fails in France. The police say that all the prisoners now fully acknowledge their guilt, and, if they have really made a confession, that, coupled with the discovery of the bombs, may be enough to convict them. Nothing can extenuate their guilt if they have been guilty; and, unless the bombs and the revolvers and the gun-cane are a pure invention of the police, it is not easy to see how their object in coming to Paris could have been an innocent one. There are great improbabilities in the story as told by the police, and more especially there is nothing tending to show that on the night when they were arrested, and when, as is supposed, they were going to act, they had the slightest reason to imagine that they could carry out their scheme successfully. One of them is indeed reported to have said that they intended to throw the bombs under, not into, the EMPEROR's carriage, and then to rush at him with their poniards and revolvers. But they must have been very poor conspirators if they thought there was much probability of such a vague and random project succeeding. On the other hand, if they brought these bombs and poniards from Italy to Paris, slight additional evidence would impel us to believe that they meant, if they could, to take the EMPEROR's life. Assassination has long been an Italian crime, and to assassinate LOUIS NAPOLEON has long been a favourite dream of those wild patriotic desperadoes with whom Italy abounds. But it is almost as interesting to know whether MAZZINI prompted the act as to know whether the act was ever intended, and here it must be owned the evidence is very weak. The whole case against MAZZINI rests on the testimony of GRECO; and GRECO, even if he was not in league with the police throughout, evidently wished to save himself, first by betraying his accomplices, and then by rendering what he thought the great political service of denouncing MAZZINI. On his own showing, none of the others had any communication with MAZZINI, and he himself does not allege that he received from MAZZINI anything except money. That MAZZINI often talked to GRECO at Lugano and supplied him with money is no proof that MAZZINI instigated GRECO to kill the EMPEROR. The police say that MAZZINI's complicity is abundantly proved by documentary evidence, and they set out in full one letter which GRECO says contained his instructions when he went to Paris last May. But how are we to know that the document is genuine? The indictment tells us that "an expert in handwriting has superabundantly proved this fact." In an English court this would be thought simply babyish, and it may be conjectured that, even with French notions of evidence, most persons in France will hesitate to connect MAZZINI with the plot unless much stronger proof is presented at the trial than appears at present to be in the possession of the police.

THE MALT-TAX.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE's long experience has given him any insight into human or agricultural nature, he will not have been surprised by the limited amount of gratitude which has rewarded his concession as to malt. Until the experiment has failed, it is fair to assume that there are sufficient reasons for supposing that malt mixed with linseed will, in certain cases, be a wholesome and economical food for cattle. It is said that the Government has investigated the subject, and that the results of the inquiry are encouraging. It is more certain that the prohibition had been commonly adopted as a grievance, and, as long as the exciseman stood in the way, every grower of barley and every feeder of stock regarded untaxed malt for cattle as the object of his fondest aspirations. Chemists, indeed, have asserted that barley, which has always been exempt from taxation, includes all the feeding properties of malt, as well as other virtues which are eliminated by fermentation; but animal physiology is obscure, and there may be nourishing elements in malt which have hitherto eluded analysis. Whatever may be Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment on the comparative merits of malted and unmalted barley, it is not uncharitable to suppose that his principal object in legislation is to silence the farmers, who on their part by no means wish to be silenced. As long as it was supposed that malt was one and indivisible, there were obvious advantages in treating the several purposes to which it might be applied as distinct grounds of agitation. The representatives of the landed interest knew that political economists considered taxes upon beer as burdens rather than on the consumer than on the producer; and it was, therefore, desirable to explain that farmers were special consumers of malt in their feeding-sheds, although they might drink little more than their proportionate share of the national beverage. They are naturally disappointed when they find that the gods have granted precisely that half of their prayer which failed to express the real desire of the votaries. The criticisms on the new Malt Bill are in

themselves plausible, although they may be inconsistent with previous complaints. The malt which is to be made of inferior barley, and afterwards adulterated with linseed, must, for the security of the revenue, be manufactured in buildings exclusively appropriated to the purpose; and the intelligent farmers who have habitually extolled the ascertained excellence of malt as fodder now ask how they can be expected to incur a large expense for a doubtful experiment. After all, as they observe, no man who understands his business would waste upon cattle the high quality of barley which suits the purpose of the maltster. As for the inferior grain which has been grown in unkindly clay, or spoilt in harvesting, it may as well be given to the beasts without the trouble of converting it into malt. The brewers, looking at the subject from a different point of view, profess to anticipate serious loss to the revenue. Mr. BASS thinks that the labourer will add to his scanty perquisites occasional handfuls of damaged malt, to be manufactured at home into questionable beer. It is perhaps more likely that farmers will remunerate themselves for their outlay on malthouses by performing the same operation on a larger scale. As they can buy more palatable liquor for their own consumption, they will not be repelled by the taste of linseed in the beer which they provide for their workmen in harvest.

The friends of the land are making strenuous efforts to convince Mr. GLADSTONE that his *argumentum ad rusticum*, or Bill for taking the farmer at his word, has not conciliated their opposition. The periodical agitation for the repeal of the malt-tax has been renewed with unusual vigour, and although the leaders of the movement entertain no sanguine hopes of immediate success, they understand the advantage of pledging to their cause the members of an Opposition which may soon become a Ministerial party. Plausible and even cogent objections may be urged against a heavy tax on an article of universal consumption, and almost of primary necessity. Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was compelled by riotous resistance to abandon the excise on cider, and his attempt has never been renewed, though cider in several counties competes effectually with beer. To a certain extent, the growth of barley is discouraged by the malt-tax, while the less profitable crops of wheat and oats are absolutely free from fiscal interference. The low price of wheat at the present moment furnishes a principal motive for the movement, especially in districts where the light character of the soil suits it for the growth of barley. The farmers, like the hop-growers, are willing to run the risk of competition with foreign malt; and it may be admitted that an excise duty is always more oppressive than a corresponding tax levied at the Custom House. The excise-man disturbs the process of manufacture, while the officer of Customs has only to deal with the article in its complete state. The opponents of the tax are especially anxious to vindicate, in their own cause, the impartial application of the principles of free-trade. Since the liberation of bricks, of glass, of soap, and of paper, the farmers and landowners demand that their produce also shall no longer be subjected to exceptional taxation. Whenever the question is practically discussed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being will have to explain that, even if he could spare the revenue derived from malt, he must protect the wine duty and the spirit duty by some countervailing charge upon beer. If, indeed, it were found practicable to tax the liquor itself, instead of interfering with its constituent element of malt, it would be far better to liberate the farmer and maltster from the supervision of the excise-man. But, as it seems to be allowed that the difficulties of the change are insuperable, it only remains to consider the claim of barley growers to relief.

The only argument for the tax is that it produces 6,000,000*l.* a year. By increasing the price of beer, it necessarily diminishes the consumption, but few persons attempt to evade the tax altogether. The rate of taxation may perhaps be considered high, but it is not worth while to incur the expense and vexation of excise superintendence except for the sake of obtaining a large addition to the national resources. There are peculiarities in the beer trade which might deprive the majority of consumers of the benefit of a fractional reduction in the tax. Probably nineteen-twentieths of all the beer which is brewed is sold by retail dealers, either as licensed victuallers or as beershop keepers. If the malt-tax were absolutely repealed, the price of the fourpenny pot might be reduced to threepence, but if half the tax were removed, the brewer and the retailer might perhaps divide the saving between them. Home-brewed beer can never compete with the attractions of a trade which supplies fire and light and

society as well as drink. The artisan, the labourer, and the drayman consider it one of their most cherished rights to have beer at the accustomed price; and when malt and hops are unusually dear, the brewer is forced to retrench his profits, unless the retailer meets the occasion by extraordinary boldness of adulteration. A repeal of a third of the duty, while it would mulct the Exchequer of 2,000,000*l.*, would have the same effect with a good malting season in increasing the wealth of brewers, and it would scarcely reach the consumer in the beershop. The maltster would still be subject to the visits of the excise-man, and the farmer, in accordance with Mr. GLADSTONE'S Bill, would be compelled to give his malt a nasty taste by the prescribed admixture of linseed. The opponents of the tax candidly allow that reduction is chiefly desirable as a step to total abolition. No Chancellor of the Exchequer is likely to have six millions to spare in a single year, but in time he might possibly be able to dispense with a revenue which had been previously bisected. If the landowners in the House of Commons, after full consideration of the consequences, deliberately adhere to their demand, they may perhaps extort the concession from a future Government which will chiefly depend on their votes.

Every tax which is selected for reduction or abolition is in fact an alternative for a similar amount of income tax, and the calculation is simple enough to invite easy comparison. A penny of income tax produces 1,100,000*l.*, and it follows that the repeal of the malt duty may be purchased by an additional payment of fivepence in the pound. On the other hand, a Minister who had even half the amount of the malt revenue to dispose of might at once reduce the income tax to the ideal standard of fourpence. Any reasonable landed proprietor, who looks carefully on this picture and on that, will discover that, both for himself and his tenants, he will do well to submit, by preference, to the burden upon barley. Although the charge on tax-payers in general is comparatively moderate, the income tax which must replace the malt duty would amount, in the case of the landowners, to at least sixpence-halfpenny in the pound. In other words, the country gentleman of 2,000*l.* a year would pay more than 100*l.* a year for cheaper beer, and for the remote contingency of a fractional rise in rent at the expiration of current leases. At the same time he would be exposed, in consequence of the high rate of income tax, to a dangerous agitation on the part of the traders, who are always impatient of their fair share of direct taxation. The very brewers, who would have intercepted a considerable portion of the saving on malt, would perhaps demand a graduation of income tax in their own favour as against the unhappy and short-sighted landowner. There can be no doubt of the result of the inquiry whenever it is seriously made, but the county members may thoughtlessly encourage the agitation against the malt-tax, partly with a hope of damaging the Ministry; and in a year or two they may find that Mr. DISRAELI has conceded the ruinous boon which they have pledged themselves to demand. In the present Session they can scarcely hope for even partial success, as the available surplus will be applied in the first instance to the reduction of the sugar duty. If any considerable balance remains, the country will welcome the removal of a penny in the pound on income, and the representatives of the land ought to be the first to share the general desire.

SENATOR BAYARD'S SPEECH.

THE speech delivered by Mr. BAYARD on resigning his seat in the Senate of the United States is an acceptable document to English readers, not only on account of its eloquence, but because it is one of the few American expressions of opinion upon the sincerity of which perfect reliance can be placed. Truth is hard to get at when facts are weapons of war. Every Northerner and every Southerner who wishes for the success of his country's arms has an interest in making every misrepresentation which can give aid and comfort to his own side, and the accepted morality of war justifies him in doing so. The spirit with which the people on each side maintain the contest varies according to their confidence in their own ultimate success. There is no fact of any kind—political, financial, statistical, or military—which does not speak in some way to the strength or weakness of one or the other combatant, and which consequently has not a bearing upon the probable issue of the struggle. There is no fact, therefore, by which the confidence and spirits of the people are not affected, and none which the Government have not an interest in distorting. A foreigner's chances of true information under these circumstances are small, and especially with regard to the large class of facts which are not capable of definite proof. Figures can be doctored only up to a certain limit. When a

Federal General professes to have taken ten thousand prisoners, and has only taken five hundred, the truth can hardly fail to ooze out through his subordinates. But the more important facts which constitute a nation's real history, the progress of any great change in its habits of thought or in the spirit in which its institutions are administered, cannot be tested so summarily or so easily. Decisive proof of any alteration of this kind that is going on cannot be had. It is evidenced by an incalculable number of minute symptoms, of which only those on the spot can measure the real value. And where a whole nation is banded together by the strongest motives of self-interest to paint an exaggerated picture of its unanimity and strength, it is not easy to obtain a tolerably sincere opinion. The best hope which the Federals have of frightening the Confederates into submission is to persuade them that nothing is to be hoped from the fatigue or the disunion of the North. Everything, therefore, which might seem to indicate or to foreshadow intestine divisions in the Federal States will be as carefully kept from the common enemy as the military secrets of an invading army.

There is something, therefore, specially welcome in a speech from a man in the situation of Mr. BAYARD. In studying the progress of events in the United States, we move, as it were, upon enchanted ground. No confidence can be placed in anything which our eyes or ears convey to us. The wizards of Washington conjure up before us a strange phantasmagoria of political and financial prosperity, but we know that no trust can be reposed in the smiling picture. What facts may lie behind we cannot tell, but that which is flaunted before our eyes is but an unsubstantial vision. Whatever else may be the truth, we know that a picture cannot be honest which represents an increased and universal prosperity as the result of civil war, of bloodshed on a huge scale, of prohibitory taxation, and a paralysed foreign trade. In this enchanted atmosphere it conveys a positive feeling of relief to hear the voice of a man whose honesty and calmness of judgment are vouched by his position. Mr. BAYARD's evidence of what is passing in his country has this recommendation, that no possible motive can have interfered to bias its sincerity. A politician finally relinquishing the ties of party and the prizes of ambition enjoys something of that exemption from early hopes and wishes which gives value to the evidence of the dying. Politically isolated because he cannot share the passions of the moment, and driven by his convictions after a long career to retire for ever from public life, his parting words have a solemnity about them which can attach to the words of no other American statesman. There is no ground to doubt his patriotism, and his experience and tried sagacity are thoroughly recognised in the body he has left. The predictions, therefore, which he utters as a last political legacy to his countrymen, who will not suffer him with a free conscience to serve them further, are well worthy of attention from all who are inclined to speculate upon the future fortunes of the American Republic.

It is not that there is much that is new in his speech. Most of it has often been written upon this side of the ocean, and in fact represents the belief which has been long dominant in the minds of the mass of English readers. But it is interesting to know that the conclusions which we have drawn for ourselves from the general teaching of history are confirmed by the views which close observation has impressed upon a competent witness on the spot. In spite of all professions to the contrary, the Model Republic is slowly moving down the broad incline which lies open to all republics that use the power their liberty has given them to trample on the rights of others. Gradually, but surely, the elaborate fabric devised by WASHINGTON is crumbling away, and the well-known outlines of a military despotism are shaping themselves in its place. The process of decomposition by which freedom is transmuted into tyranny without a palpable change of form has already passed through its most important stages. The first security of liberty was destroyed when elections to the representative body were carried on under the dictation of military force. Its essence was attacked when citizens were imprisoned or exiled without form or law or judicial proof of crime. The last and heaviest blow is struck when the national representation is made the instrument of its own degradation, and excludes by novel self-imposed tests all who are hostile to the ruling powers. Mr. BAYARD traces their successive steps:—"I have lived to see the elective franchise trodden under foot in my native State" "by the iron heel of the soldier, and 'Order No. 55,' not the 'people of Delaware, represented in one half of Congress. I have lived to see her citizens torn from their homes and

"separated from their families on the warrant of a self-styled 'detective, without any charge expressed on its face, and 'without any known accuser—and then, without hearing or 'trial, these citizens banished from their State, beyond the 'protection of the law. And now the Senate of the United 'States have, by their decision enforcing an expurgatory and 'retrospective test oath, repugnant both to the letter and 'the spirit of the Constitution, made a precedent which in my 'judgment is eminently dangerous, if not entirely subversive 'of a fundamental principle of representative government."

Such words fall on deaf ears now, though the time will come when they will be bitterly remembered. The Americans of the Northern States are the very embodiments of national conceit; and their conceit has lately taken a curious form. They seem to have an indistinct notion that Heaven is working some miracle in their behalf, by virtue of which they are to be exempt from the laws by which the fate of other families of mankind has been governed. What it is that induces them to believe that they are not men of like passions with ourselves, it is not very easy to imagine. Apparently, the vast wealth which a large emigration from Europe has very naturally been able to extract from a virgin soil has turned their heads. Because the mines of Pennsylvania are abundant, and the soil of Illinois is unexhausted, they infer that those to whose lot the enjoyment of these resources falls may set at nought the accumulated experience of mankind. Some quaint paradoxes have been the result of this strange view. The ascertained laws of political economy are set aside with contempt. Paper money, representing a form of debt, is relied upon as though it were true capital; and the expenditure which is the result of a gigantic anticipation of future income is quoted as an evidence of prosperity. A nation which is indulging in frantic luxury upon the proceeds of discounted bills upon posterity is congratulated by its statesmen upon the marvellous increase of its wealth. A similar delusion prevails among them in respect to their political future. They are pursuing the paths which the long experience of mankind has marked as dangerous; but they give little heed to the experience of mankind, and will not believe that danger can exist for them. A vast military force, created for the purpose of carrying on wars of aggression, and used to tamper with the freedom of election and the personal liberty of citizens, is no new phenomenon in the history of mankind. It is the special disease of republics; and it has never issued but in one end. But the Americans will not believe that that end can be in store for them. They are travelling with sublime indifference down the easy road, marked with the footsteps of numbers that have gone before; but they will not be told that the fate of former travellers contains any warning for them. The impenetrable self-conceit which blinds their eyes may lead them on in happy security far beyond the point at which any other nation would have seen and shrunk back from the peril to which it was hastening. But the awakening must come at last, and it will be bitter in precise proportion as the delusion has been protracted.

PROFESSORS.

THE Schleswig-Holstein question has raised a good many cries against a great variety of people, and one of the cries it has raised has been against Professors. It has been said facetiously that only one person ever got to the bottom of the question, and he was a German Professor, who immediately went mad. It has also been said more seriously that the whole movement in Germany has been got up by the Professors, and that it is only because a set of unpractical recluses have poured forth a mass of rubbish in uncouth involved sentences amidst the fumes of the tobacco-smoke with which they habitually confuse their naturally muddled heads, and have thus bewildered their countrymen into an unreal transcendental enthusiasm, that there has been any Schleswig-Holstein question at all. In this country scarcely any one has offered an explicit defence and exposition of the German views except Professor Max Müller; and of him also it is said that he is a Professor, and a German Professor, and therefore *ipso facto* incapable of understanding any political question in the sensible, practical way in which Englishmen understand it. It may therefore be not uninteresting to inquire what the value of the opinions of Professors is likely to be on any subject of living and present interest, and it will probably be found by any one who makes the inquiry that, although the opinions of Professors are often not much better than the opinions of other people, they are at least not much worse. And, first of all, we may surely get rid of the objection to German Professors that they talk German. To Englishmen and Frenchmen German seems a cumbrous and involved language, and Germans habitually use terms borrowed from a different philosophical system from that which Locke has made familiar to

Englishmen. But if a German is to be allowed to think at all he must, it would seem, be expected to put his thoughts in a German way, to frame cumbrous sentences, and to use the philosophical terms familiar to him. It is too readily taken for granted in England that an opinion, stated in the manner natural to any Continental nation, is absurd because it is not stated as an Englishman would state it. When a member of the House of Commons attempted to explain the grounds on which some of the feelings of the Germans about the Duchies might be defended, the *Spectator*, which is ordinarily above feeble political jokes, thought it a sufficient refutation of the argument to clothe it in the form which it might have assumed if its statement had been very literally translated from a German original. We may also get rid of the great tobacco-fume argument, unless it is seriously meant that true philosophy is only compatible with the consumption of tobacco that has paid duty to the English Government. What remains is that certain political opinions are held in Germany, just as opinions of all sorts are held in England, by a number of educated men who are out of the circle of the official class, who live a life of comparative seclusion, who have plenty of leisure to form and vent their opinions, and whose main attention is given to matters of permanent rather than temporary interest. And the question is, whether the opinions of such persons on passing events are presumably foolish.

In the first place, it is objected that Professors—living out of the world, and in a narrow and quiet circle—have not got the popular fibre, do not know what the masses around them think and feel, have none of the fervour and enthusiasm of the people, and are therefore incapable of seeing what a nation wants. It is, we think, quite true that, in some instances, there is a contrast of this sort between the position of Professors and that of persons in more direct communication with the bulk of half-educated or uneducated people. In some points of view, the contrast is unfavourable to the Professors, but in others it is favourable. Lord Shaftesbury, for example, complained of the tyranny of Professors, and he was evidently right in one way. He wanted a general, popular, ardent, unreflecting movement towards what he considered right; and, so far as such a movement produces good, it is a hindrance to that good that persons acquainted with theology, whom he termed Professors, should interrupt the swing and force of the movement by questioning whether the premises on which the whole line of action professed to be based were really true. It is most discouraging that, when a zealous and active man has got together a following of Sunday-school teachers and scholars, ministers, clergymen, beadles, Young Christians, Bands of Hope, members of Parliament, bankers, and the little children who figure in tracts, all ready to sing, preach, rehearse, inculcate, profess, subscribe to and swear by a favourite doctrine, then an educated person with a pestilent knowledge of Greek and Hebrew should start the irrelevant but disheartening inquiry whether this doctrine is true or not. And it must be acknowledged that men of thought, accustomed to secluded lives, are often bad judges of what can be done in action, cannot keep steady to a point, and overrate difficulties. But that Professors are universally, or even generally, on the unpopular side, and stand aloof from the nation to which they belong, is a very strong assumption. In Germany, it may at least be said for the Professors that the nation is as mad as they are, and that, if all the movement has come from their muddled brains, they have at least managed to stir the popular mind to its depths, and to carry conviction to a great majority of Germans, although they had the disadvantage of addressing their auditors in their native language. Professor Müller, too, used some arguments which were not very satisfactory to Englishmen, but they were not satisfactory for the precise reason that they were thoroughly German arguments and not accommodated to our history. When he spoke of a small Sovereign having a sacred and divine right to ascend a dual throne, like the right of a private heir to occupy his paternal acres, he was addressing in vain a nation that owes its liberty and prosperity to having sent its legitimate Sovereigns into poverty and exile; but he was employing an argument that would go straight to German hearts, and his mistake, such as it was, arose from his being too much imbued with the notions popular in his own country.

The opinions current in the two English Universities afford as good a standard of the opinions of Professors as could be found. For it is impossible to say that German Professors are more unlike Germans, or French Professors more unlike Frenchmen, than the resident Fellows and Tutors of an English University are unlike Englishmen. Differences exist in all three instances, but they are not differences which erect professorial opinions into a class by themselves. The conversation of Fellows and Tutors of colleges is not generally lively, but then the conversation of all sets of men who meet every day is apt to be dull. It must also be remembered that the members of a small circle are naturally jealous and suspicious of each other, and that those who are afraid of their circle are apt to express themselves with undue timidity, while those who rise superior to this temptation have the air of having won a victory and of knowing that they have won it. The opinions of Professors are therefore apt to be either tame and colourless, or else too positive, fierce, and arbitrary. But then both these errors represent something that is good, and the good they represent makes itself felt in the opinions of Professors when looked at in a mass. The timidity and hesitation of some Professors, although often springing from nothing better than personal weakness, sometimes proceeds from that reluctance to pronounce decisively which all persons

feel who have inquired deeply, who have set the complexity of great political and social problems fairly before them, and see how nicely-balanced any expression of opinion ought to be. There is one thing which no one can refuse to see in University and Professorial society, and that is a proper appreciation of the difficulty of things. This has even led to many faults of character and manner, and more especially to that gentlemanly habit of bland whispers, accompanied by a smile, which is so truly exasperating. If, however, we look to general results and not to the manners of individuals, it is a great thing that there should be in English society a centre of thought where the weight and burden of judging is profoundly felt, and where the necessity of reservations, of guarded and tentative judgments, of looking to remote consequences and to indirect modes of action and influence, is thoroughly acknowledged. But Professors are not all of one sort, and when they are not timid, dubitative, and guarded, they are often rash and vehement. They chafe at the bands in which their colleagues are content to live, and they proclaim their liberty by bold assertions and hazardous opinions. Very often the opinions they utter under the pressure of such feelings are not worth much, are formed on imperfect data, and are wholly unpractical. But at least these opinions come from independent and honest minds, and this is a great thing. There is life and activity, and a general tendency to keep moving forwards, wherever there is this personal fearlessness and this disregard of personal losses and sacrifices in order to promote a cause which has thoroughly enlisted the sympathies of its adherents.

Then, again, if the worth of the opinions of Professors is to be rightly valued, it must be clearly understood whose are the opinions that are likely to be better. A Professor may make great mistakes, and be too argumentative or dubitative or too peremptory and rash in the judgments he passes, but, at the very least, his opinions are as likely to be right as those of his baker or his butcher. And if they are better than the opinions of his local butcher or baker, they are not likely to be inferior to those of bakers and butchers elsewhere. We may go a step further, and say that they are as likely to be right as the opinions of most professional persons. What does a country doctor or attorney know of the Schleswig-Holstein question that a Professor should not feel the hope of rivaling him? Even in Germany, where Professors are so numerous and of so many different grades, the Professor is at least as good a man for a political opinion as most of his neighbours. He does not talk more hopelessly and confusedly than they do, and his pipes are not more numerous or powerful. It is true that there are persons who are more qualified to give a sound opinion on political questions than Professors generally are, but then these persons are few. Those who have the advantage of being concerned in the actual administration of affairs, who are obliged to think carefully before they act, because their mistakes are followed generally by such quick retribution, who have access to the best and most recent information, and who have that appreciation of their position forced upon them which comes from constant intercourse with the leading men of other nations, have special opportunities for judging not only what it is desirable, but what it is possible to do. Those, again, who make it their business to watch and criticise the conduct of Governments, who are in the constant habit of writing on political questions, and who know that if they are negligent, or ignorant, or confused, or reckless in their criticism they will at once fail to satisfy the demands of the educated public for whom they write or to whom they speak, have the advantage over Professors of doing systematically, and as a matter of business, what the Professors do occasionally, by fits and starts, and at their own pure pleasure. Even then it must be allowed that Professors—that is, educated men living in a society that is not the official and governing society of a capital, and is not immediately connected with such a circle—have the superiority which greater freedom and independence, and less necessity of passing some sort of judgment quickly on everything that comes up, cannot fail to give. Professors are at liberty to make ten hazardous shots at truth, where men more closely bound up with the actual course of government are afraid to make any, and of these hazardous shots one in ten may hit the mark. But as a general rule, and with reference to the great majority of political subjects, the opinion of a leading member of Parliament, or of those enjoying his intimate acquaintance, or of persons qualified by position and natural gifts and habit to pass a judgment whether in the field of journalism or elsewhere, have a better and more accurate opinion than Professors ordinarily have. This is saying nothing more than that persons who stick to a trade as professionals are ordinarily superior to amateurs. But among amateurs—among the outsiders of political life—few persons have such good pretensions to form opinions worth listening to and seriously discussing as those who approach the consideration of the more important events of the day with education to guide them, with leisure for ample consideration, and with no strong personal bias and no prospect of immediate gain or loss to influence their decisions.

THE THEORY OF LIFE FROM BELOW-STAIRS.

THERE may be observed in the world an immense number of invariable but mysterious co-existences of phenomena. Certain sets of conditions are always found side by side, and wherever one of them is discerned its concomitants are sure to be present

also; yet we are unable to penetrate into the secret of their connexion, or to discover between them any natural relation of cause and effect. We fail to reach the foundation of the incomprehensible affinity, and are forced to content ourselves with simply recording or observing the fact. Some years ago, for example, it was noticed that enthusiastic friendship for Hungary seemed always to involve Unitarianism and Homoeopathy, and in our own day controversial free-thinkers are almost always Teetotallers and wear long hair. Why a man should not profess belief in Kossuth without disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity, or should find hair-cutting incongruous with straw-splitting, is as inscrutable as the well-known fact that a man who sells small coal also sells greens and oysters. Mr. Herbert Spencer suggests another of these mysterious affinities when he intimates in one of his essays that nobody is likely to construct a sound system of psychology who conforms to the ordinary usage of going out to dinner in evening dress. But why should swallow-tails thus become, as it were, intellectual ceremonies, or why should a white tie deaden the moral sentiments? We cannot tell, but must take Mr. Spencer's word for it. Then there is another still more notorious affinity which is also still more utterly mysterious. A hospitable gentleman one day informed his butler that six clergymen were going to dine with him, and desired him to make due preparation. "May I ask, Sir," deferentially replied the butler, "whether they are 'igh or Low Church?" "What on earth makes you ask such a question?" "Because, Sir, you see, if they're 'igh they drink, and if they're Low they eat." We can no more tell why Arminianism implies a passion for old port, and Calvinism a passion for meat-teas and heavy suppers, than we can tell why Chablis goes with oysters or claret with roast mutton. The truth is one of those ultimate facts which are incapable of further analysis.

Not the least remarkable of such invariable connexions is that between a certain theory of life and the occupancy of the servants' hall. That it is remarkable, and that it is moreover quite inscrutable, will appear when we have illustrated the bearing of the theory in question. As it happens, an eminent writer is at the present moment publishing a highly-coloured exposition of it. Mr. Pierce Egan is, to an enormous portion of the public, all that Milton, Shakespeare, and Scott are supposed to be to all Britain. He is by far the most successful writer in what has been by far the most successful of cheap popular journals, and tens of thousands of cooks, housemaids, butlers, flunkies, and all other sorts and conditions of men below-stairs, look eagerly forward to each seventh day, when he thrills them with delight, paralyses them with horror, and leaves them prostrate in despair. "E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath Day" to them without its regular pennyworth of superhuman excitement. The writer who has won this tremendous popularity seems to have resolved to surpass himself in one gigantic effort. He has chosen for a title the simple but profound and pathetic exclamation, *Such is Life!* and we may therefore conclude that he intends it, and that his myriads of readers accept it, as a true picture of the motives and passions and tendencies of human nature, and of the ordinary language and conduct of human beings. The incidents are at once too many and too complicated for us to enumerate them here. They consist, as yet, principally of embezzlements, forgeries, attempted abduction, mysterious flights, cruelties in the work-room, and murder. The general effect upon the mind of the reader is about as agreeable as that produced by one of those wonderfully exhilarating calendars issued by the Accidental Death Insurance Company, in which, by means of a series of twelve cartoons, the accidents peculiar to each month are graphically represented. In September your gun bursts, in November you are run over by an omnibus in a fog, in December you are drowned while skating, in July you are struck by lightning, and in April—though one hardly knows why that month should have been selected for the purpose—you will probably be dashed to atoms in a railway accident. Then, under Mr. Pierce Egan's treatment, the whole scene receives a general toning of thunder and lightning. If this author is more powerful in one point than another, it is in his entire mastery of the elements. He wields the thunderbolt as to the manner born, and manages the rain as if he were Jupiter Pluvius incarnate. The following brief passage may serve to show the author's strength in this respect, while it also illustrates the popular idea about love-making in high life:—

He started.
"My God! Mabel, you love me?" he cried, in a low tone, but with an intensity of excitement which no words can describe.

It was only a look that she gave him in reply.
With a cry of immeasurable joy, he drew her to his heart, and pressed his lips to hers in one long deliriously passionate kiss.

At the same instant a blinding flash of lightning enveloped them in a sheet of flame; it was followed by a tremendous crash of thunder. With a startling shriek, Mabel disengaged herself from his embrace and fled like one in frantic fear.

He covered his face with his hands, sank upon the seat, and gave way to an abrupt and convulsive burst of tears.

Love and hate, each of course of the most fearfully intense kind, are apparently the only two passions which the human breast is capable of entertaining, and, as a natural result, active life in the intervals of embezzlement is almost entirely made up of love-scenes and murders. There are three of the latter, if we remember rightly, in the first half-dozen chapters, and there is every likelihood that we shall have a great many more before the author will consider that he has allotted them their fair space in the picture of life. In fact the very last love scene, at which we were left to pant for a whole week until "our next," promises a very fine piece of bloodshed before

all is over. The young lady, after being apostrophized as "fairer than the white dove of the forest herd"—whatever that may be—"fairer than the swan upon the lake, the dove in the dove-cot, the lily in the emerald vale or upon the azure pool," replies in an oration which must have taken at least a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to deliver, and then perorates thus:—

"Love is not to be given and taken back at will. I feel that now I am yours—be kind, gentle, and loving to me; and not one of those women of whom you have told me who loved men so tenderly shall rival me in adoration of and devotion to you. Slight me or desert me, and I will pursue you with the savage ferocity of a tiger, a demon, a devil hunting you to perdition."

Her eyes dilated, and glared into his, with such an unnaturally malignant expression in them, that he felt cold drops of perspiration burst out from beneath his wig, and trickle behind his ears, and down the nape of his neck.

It would be very curious to discover, if we may be pardoned for intruding upon so sacred a scene, how far the cook models her reply to the passionate policeman, or the housemaid her acceptance of the hand of the butcher or baker, upon sublime outbursts like this. Probably, however, they are only capable of the language of romance when a pen is in their hand, and in personal interviews confine themselves to more unimpassioned speech. The letters which trials for breach of promise occasionally reveal are often surprisingly like the style of the penny novel, and seem to have been exceeding sweet to the persons concerned; but we question whether the boldest Jeames who ever put on calves would venture to salute his mistress in person as 'fairer than the whitest dove of the 'erd,' or 'more precious than the gems in the depths of mines and seas, or sparkling in the diadems of crowned monarchs.' Again, if her master comes home from the city moody and ferocious after a fall in stocks, does his faithful maid exclaim 'Such is Life!' and immediately infer that his defalcations, embezzlements, and forgeries are gradually coming to light, and that he already feels the grip of the detective? Or, if she lives in a sphere or a square where the city is unknown, does she really imagine, when the duke or the marquis goes out of an afternoon, that he is gone to waylay innocent virgins in the park, or to give orders to the unflinching groom to put some inconvenient mistress to death?

One portion of stories like *Such is Life* their readers do undoubtedly take in solemn earnest. The horrors of the workroom at a fashionable *modiste's* are possibly rather overdone, and Mr. Egan daubs on his red and black rather too unsparingly, but without question most of his readers will take his representation with implicit faith. All the space which can be spared from murder and love and aristocratic and commercial misdemeanours is given to the interior of a fashionable West-End establishment. The least odious title which the author bestows upon it is "a human slaughter-house," and the foreman rejoices in the ghastly name of "Mr. Giltgore." The whole of a very long chapter is devoted to a fierce description of the work-room the night before a levée; "the red, hot blaze of the gas," "the rustling of the splendid fabrics and gorgeous tissues," "the sound of the ceaseless needle—the shuttle that weaves a shroud." Then there are shrieks, hysterical sobs, hollow cries, staggerings, reelings, livid faces; and all for ladies "then sleeping luxuriantly in their down beds, who would be called early that morning, and though death was interwoven and intertwined with the trimming and braid upon their corsets and robes, they must have them to wear, so that they might shine and look resplendent during a momentary glissade before her most blessed and gracious Majesty." It must be an immense relief to the over-taxed reader to turn away from all this to that exquisitely funny page at the end where "Tom-tit" is taught that "in courtship the utmost delicacy should be observed towards the young lady, it is the worst of all mistakes to wound a woman's *amour-propre*—women and priests never forgive;" where "Jacqueline" tells us she "is short, amiable, domestic, nineteen years of age, and wishes to marry a tall man—a policeman not objected to;" or where "Joe" is informed that he can have his "great toe-nail removed at the Royal Orthopedic Hospital in Oxford Street"—a statement which, we may tell "Joe" in confidence, we very much doubt.

People may fancy at first sight that the romance for a penny fills the same place in one circle that the romance for thirty-one shillings and sixpence fills in another—that it is a mere pastime, and that the grotesqueness and violence of the whole tone are only natural results of the ignorance of the readers for whose tastes it is designed. But this, we think, is a mistaken view. By far the greater part of the ordinary three-volume novels are hopelessly insipid and meaningless, and have barely substance enough to serve to wile away the time to lazy and listless women. The penny novel is absurd, often monstrously absurd, but it is never either insipid or meaningless. Fastidious people may laugh at its high-flown language, or the unreality of its characters, or the impossibility of its incidents, but, in spite of all the coarseness of conception and roughness of execution, there is a very clearly marked theory of life behind all these glaring colours and false drawing. In *Such is Life*, this theory is as plainly to be traced as in all the other stories of its class. It is, in fact, the philosophical form of an idea which has more commonly assumed the shape of a theological creed. The notion that the world is the scene of an eternal conflict between the two sovereign principles of good and evil existed before the *London Journal*; but formerly the two principles were embodied in gods and demons, in Ahirman and Ormuzd, who filled earth with the confusion of their contest, and divided between them the souls of men. Nearly all savage tribes at the present day pray to "the good God," and cower before the God who sends the

thunder and the lightning and the hurricane. One is always trying to make men happy and virtuous; the other is actively blighting and destroying both virtue and happiness. The penny novel insinuates a philosophical theory which comes to the same thing, without the intervention of real deities from heaven and hell. Life is still the scene of conflict between virtue and vice, between helpless innocence and reckless wickedness, between weakness and grinding cruelty. The whole course of human existence and human conduct is the visible result of this appalling struggle. As the philosopher walks through the streets and surveys his kind, his eye is attracted by one never-ending spectacle of the wicked dogging the virtuous, of the bad man striving with the bad man for the ruin of the good, of wretched women lost and undone by the selfishness of the rich and great. The two principles exhibit themselves, not as supernatural beings, but as embodied in the men and women whom we meet in life. Madame Volige and Mr. Giltgore, who crush the lives out of starving seamstresses; Lord Calfon, who assaults defenceless maidens in the park; Mr. Skinchink, who thrusts the penniless orphan into the streets; Mr. Aspinoli, who robs and seduces and murders all the way through life—these still carry on the old combat. How long the combat will last, and whether it will ever come to an end, the philosopher of the penny novel does not inquire. He only reflects on what is, not on what may be. He looks out into life, and this is all he sees or thinks worth presenting to his disciples. Of course, the thousands who read these stories do not put all this into any distinct shape in their own minds, but most of them do insensibly adopt it as their only theory of life. Whether it is better or worse than no theory at all is, perhaps, open to discussion. What practical effect it has, if any, would also be interesting to know. Very probably, however, actual life goes on as vacantly and as independently of theory in the servants' hall as in the drawing-room. But it seems impossible to understand how this particular notion of the world comes to find such favour below stairs. It is one of those curious affinities which we can simply record.

KINGSHIP.

WHAT is the definition of a King? The difficulty of answering this question must have come forcibly home to every reader of Sir George Lewis' *Dialogue on the Best Form of Government*, and it may well have presented itself to the mind before Sir George Lewis wrote. Voltaire jested long ago about the different ideas which answered to the same word King in France, England, Sweden, and other countries. In Sir George Lewis' *Dialogue*, Monarchicus claims all States where there is a King as Monarchies, and enlarges on the points in which absolute and constitutional Kings agree. Aristocraticus maintains that the word King is a mere title of rank, that those who bear it may be Monarchs or not as may happen, and that Constitutional Monarchies are really not Monarchies at all, but Republics. Now it is clear that the word is something more than a mere title. It differs from all other titles in expressing a certain kind of equality among its bearers. This Aristocraticus points out when he says that the word King expresses merely a certain rank. All Kings, he says, are socially equal, but their political power is very different. He goes on to mention other instances in which the same word expresses in different times and places very different amounts of political power. He instances a Roman Consul and a Consul in a modern port, an Elector of Cologne and an Elector of Westminster. In this last case, of course, Aristocraticus allows that he is merely joking. He might go on with a great many more cases. A German *Graf* and a Scotch *Grieve* are very different people, though their title is etymologically the same; a modern English Alderman fills a very different position from the ancient *Ealdorman*, who was next door to royalty. In cases like these the meanings of the words have diverged so utterly that their original identity becomes a mere matter of philological ingenuity. Let us then take an intermediate case, where the meanings have diverged a good deal, but not so utterly. All Dukes everywhere are persons of high rank, but their rank and power differs widely in different countries. All Kings may be equal, but all Dukes are certainly not equal. Some Dukes are sovereigns, and others are subjects; some Dukes would think it quite beneath them to give their daughters in marriage to other Dukes. Indeed, if we take this last as the standard, some Dukes are, and others are not, the social equals of Kings. The question at once occurs, How is it that, while other words have so largely changed their meanings, the word King has comparatively not changed at all; that, though some Kings may have more power than others, all Kings are socially equal, while the bearers of other titles are not all socially equal? There does seem to be some general idea, however difficult to define, which answers to the word King, while no such general idea answers even to the word Duke. In short, though it is not easy to say in what a King differs from another man, we always know a King when we see him.

It is worth noticing, as a sign that there is some such general idea commonly received, that the word King is one which we never have any difficulty in translating into any other language. *King* itself and its cognates in any Teutonic language, *Rex* and its derivatives in any Romance language, are understood exactly to represent one another, without any exception or reserve. One may add βασις in Greek, at least in both its classical and its modern use; its special meaning of *Emperor*

was only temporary and seems to be quite forgotten. *King* translates *Roi*, and *Roi* translates *King*, whether we are talking of the most despotic or of the most limited ruler. No one ever thinks of transferring either word into another language; even those who think it fine to talk about "the Duc d'Orleans" never say "the Roi de France." When we get out of the limits of Europe or of Christendom, the case is a little altered. We never talk of the King of Turkey, and hardly ever of the King of Persia. We commonly give those potentates their national titles of Sultan and Shah; if the Grand Turk comes in for any European title at all, it is always Emperor, and not King. This is probably owing to a vague recollection that the Grand Turk, successor alike of the Bagdad Caliph and of the Byzantine Cæsar, is something more than an ordinary King. So several other of the greater barbaric potentates are spoken of either as Emperors or by their national titles. We have the Emperor of China, the Emperor of Morocco, and the Tycoon of Japan, and the Great Mogul did not sink into the King of Delhi till he had lost all independent power. But as we go down lower in the barbaric Almanac of Gotha, we come to Kings again—the King of Oude, the King of Dahomey, the King of the Mosquitos, and all those ill-clothed Kings and Queens at whose courts Captain Speke was presented. We doubt whether either Monarchicus or Aristocraticus would acknowledge all these dingy potentates as the social equals even of the Kings of Würtemberg and Saxony. So we shall perhaps, on the whole, get on better if we confine our inquiry to those Kings who reign within the limits of Christian Europe.

What, then, is a King? Sir George Lewis' disputants show that Kingship does not depend on the amount of power attached to the title. One King may have far more power in his dominions than another; a Grand Duke, or even a republican President, may have more power than some Kings. What, then, makes the King? Certainly not hereditary succession. Though elective Kingship has gone out of fashion, no one doubts that an elective King is as much a King as an hereditary King. Poland called itself a Republic, and its King often rose from the rank of a private noble; but when he once became a King he was the peer of other Kings. The elective King of Germany, or of the Romans, was more than the peer of other Kings; he was the first of all Kings. Nor is any religious consecration needed now-a-days to make a King. Of old, indeed, the King, till his coronation, was at best only King-elect, if indeed he was anything more than King-designate. But now some Kings go without any coronation at all, and those who are crowned are held to be just as much Kings before they are crowned as after. Nor is an absolutely independent sovereignty essential to Kingship; the King may be in some degree restrained by some feudal or federal tie. Perhaps Professor Blackie would hardly let us say that the King of Scotland was ever, as such, the vassal of the King of England; but we suppose that no Professor at Prague or at Naples would venture to deny that the King of Bohemia used to be the vassal of the Emperor, or that the King of Sicily used to be the vassal of the Pope. So now-a-days, if a Federal execution may redress the internal misgovernment of the Duke of Holstein or the Elector of Hesse, it might just as lawfully redress any internal misgovernment on the part of the King of Bavaria, or even—if we can suppose misgovernment in so exalted a quarter—on the part of the present King of Bohemia. Yet all these potentates were, and are, equally Kings. One has a lingering notion that to be King of Saxony is not quite so grand as to be King of France, Spain, or Sweden; still the King of Saxony is a King, with royal majesty and all the rest of it, just like the others.

There are several points in which all Kings, great and small, absolute and constitutional, agree.

First, they all have the first place in the government of their several dominions. This is true of constitutional Kings no less than of despots. We must here put aside the modern conventionality of constitutionalism, and look to the written law. A King of England, at any rate, has undoubtedly by law the chief government of his Kingdom. His powers are strictly limited by law to a certain range; but that range is by no means a narrow one, and within that range he may act, as far as the law is concerned, quite freely. He has the whole executive power; he has a share in the legislative power; he has that control over the judicial power which is implied in the nomination of judges and the right to remit or soften, though not to aggravate, their sentences. That these powers are, according to constitutional tradition, to be exercised only in conformity with the advice of counsellors marked out in a particular way, makes no difference as to the King's legal position. The powers in question are his powers, and are formally exercised by him, whoever may pull the strings behind. Such a monarchy may, as Aristocraticus says, be practically a Republic, but the King is the legal head of the government nevertheless.

Secondly, they all are the persons highest in rank in their several dominions. This is so obvious that it need not be enlarged on.

Thirdly, they all hold office for life. An officer invested with even despotic power for a definite term would not be looked on as a King, and would not assume the title. The Emperor Augustus was not a King, for several reasons—amongst others, because his powers, vast as they were, were granted only for successive terms of years.

Fourthly, we might perhaps add that it is essential to Kingship that the status of royalty should be permanent—that it should be intended not only that the King should rule for life, but that he should be succeeded by another King, whether by election or by

descent matters not. Sulla received a wider commission than Augustus without limitation as to time; yet Sulla was not a King, because the commission was something purely exceptional, something personal to himself and not intended to continue.

Fifthly, all Kings are personally irresponsible. In a limited monarchy the King's agents are responsible; that is, the King's command cannot be pleaded in excuse for any illegal act. But it does not appear that even in the most limited monarchy there is any means provided for punishing a crime done by the King with his own hand. Nor can the King be sued in a civil action. Redress may be had just as effectually, but it is obtained by a different process—by petition, not by action. It may, however, be remarked that this doctrine of personal irresponsibility, though now fully established, has only grown up by degrees. Kings of England were anciently sued in their own courts, and the Palatine of the Rhine acted as a sort of judge over the Emperor.

Sixthly, we might add that Kings have, or had, a definite rank among other princes. A King ranked above Dukes and below the Emperor. Now that everybody may call himself Emperor at pleasure, one cannot admit this rule any longer. King is now the higher and more honourable title of the two. The original distinction between Emperor, King, and sovereign Duke would seem to be, that the King is, in theory, prince of a nation, the sovereign Duke of only part of a nation, the Emperor of something more than a nation—namely, of something identifying itself with the universal dominion of Rome.

It may be said that our third and fifth definitions are inconsistent with the right of Parliament to depose the King—a right resting on abundant precedents in English history. But probably this power, though recognised by statesmen as a matter of state necessity, was never recognised by lawyers as a matter of regular legal process. It is clear that such an act must always have been something extraordinary and revolutionary; an Act of Parliament for deposing the King could not be in the ordinary form of an Act of Parliament, because it could not expect the royal assent. And even granting the deposing power to be perfectly regular, still nothing short of Parliament could depose the King or touch him in any way. An office is said to be held for life, even if liable to be forfeited under specified circumstances. There are some circumstances, even now, under which the Crown may be forfeited; still it is a life office even more completely than that of a Bishop or a Judge; no ordinary authority is empowered to depose a King for misbehaviour in office as a Bishop or a Judge may be deposed.

Can Kingship be divided? Can there be two Kings at once, not being rivals or opposition pretenders, in the same Kingdom? Modern precedent is against it, but there are many examples in history. Two or more Emperors constantly reigned together, especially in the East, either sharing the administration in common or sharing the Empire locally between them. So in Germany a King of the Romans was often elected in the lifetime of the Emperor, and there are instances, though more rare, both in France and England, of a King having his son crowned in his lifetime. It is indeed in no way inconceivable, though contrary to modern habits, to put the royal power into the hands of two or more colleagues, each of whom shall enjoy all the personal privileges of royalty. Such seems to be the theory of the joint reigns of several Emperors common in Roman and Byzantine history. The German, English, and French instances are somewhat different; the main object of crowning a son in his father's lifetime was to secure him an undisputed succession at his father's death. Such a King plainly enjoyed a merely derivative royalty; he held the rank of King with such share of kingly power as his father might delegate to him. A lower variety still is the Kingship sometimes granted to the husband of a Queen Regnant, as in Scotland in the case of Darnley, and in Spain and Portugal in our own times. Such a King is, in short, a male Queen. The position of Philip in England was somewhat higher while it lasted, but, unlike the Dowager Kingship of Portugal, it ended with his wife's life. The case of William the Third is of course quite different; he was a real King by election.

The double royalty of Sparta is not exactly parallel to the two or more Emperors at Rome, because the Kings of Sparta were not Kings at all in our sense. The early Kings were real Kings, and so were the latest, Cleomenes, Lycurgus, and Machanidas. But in the intermediate time the Kings were merely hereditary magistrates. They were not the heads of the government; they were liable to punishment and deposition like other citizens. Still it should be noticed how the mere retention of the hereditary title and office enabled Cleomenes to convert his nominal royalty into a real one. No fair person will ever confound him with the common run of Greek tyrants. The King-Archon at Athens, the *Rex Sacrificulus* at Rome, were of course not Kings in any sense; the name was retained from a superstitious feeling; only a King could perform certain priestly acts, so a magistrate bore the mere title of King to be qualified to discharge them. They were hardly more Kings in any true sense than a heraldic King-at-arms.

Such seems to be Kingship as far as it can be defined. The definition seems to apply equally to a sovereign Duke as to a King, and in fact the difference between them is simply one of bare precedence. It is worth notice that the change of the Dukes of Venice from real princes into very limited magistrates is strikingly analogous to the same change in the case of the Kings of Sparta. Even setting aside any notion of religious sacredness about a King, there is enough in the definition already

given to distinguish the personal Sovereign, whether called Emperor, King, or Duke, from any republican magistrate, however vast the power with which he is entrusted. But this by no means sets aside the ingenious argument of Aristocraticus, that in a classification of forms of government, constitutional Kingdoms have really more affinity to republics than to pure and simple monarchies.

DR. NEWMAN AND MR. KINGSLEY.

SINCE the days of Bentley and Boyle there has not appeared so lively a controversy as that contained in the piquant "Correspondence on the Question whether Dr. Newman teaches that Truth is no Virtue?" Nor is the resemblance confined to the mere artistic power and mastership of literary swordsmanship which the victor displays. There is on either side enough to make the parallel sufficient. The shrewd, sound, logical precision of him who was once the leading mind of Oxford bears about the same relation to the ponderous thrust and accurate poise with which the old Master of Trinity delivered his weighty spear, as the helter-skelter dashing feint of Kingsley does to the hasty and flashy sciolism of the pet of Aldrich and Atterbury. In the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mr. Kingsley, under the initials of C. K., and *apropos* of a review of Froude's *History of England*, delivered himself of a very brilliant passage, directed, and not at all too strongly, against the corruption in religion and morals encouraged or instigated by certain Papal dogmas current at the time of the Reformation. But, not content with a general remark on the low state of morality traceable to the doctrine of Papal infallibility, Mr. Kingsley went on to fortify his argument by a particular illustration, and said:—

So, again, of the virtue of truth. Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage.

Passing over the somewhat extravagant and certainly rather sweeping allegation that truth had never—that is, for sixteen hundred years—been admitted to be a virtue by, as it seems, any of the clergy who formed during that time the majority of the Christian world, and who were the only teachers of morality in the whole of European Christendom, here was a distinct and positive assertion. "Father Newman informs us that Truth need not, and on the whole ought not to be a virtue with the Roman clergy;" or, as the phrase is capable of being read, "Father Newman informs us that truth need not, and on the whole ought not to be a virtue," i. e. generally with anybody, with all Christians. And further, Father Newman informs us "that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least so." And then Mr. Kingsley proceeds to give, as an historical proof, the instance—a very pertinent one—of the Forged Decretals.

Upon this, and very immediately indeed upon this, the old lion rouses himself in his den. Somebody had addressed to Dr. Newman, at the Oratory, Birmingham, as early as the 30th of December, the January number of *Macmillan*, the above passage being duly pencilled. And, on the very same day, Dr. Newman writes a brief but very significant note to Messrs. Macmillan, not of complaint, nor of remonstrance, nor even requesting an answer, but simply wishing to "draw the attention of Messrs. Macmillan, as gentlemen, to a grave and gratuitous slander, with which I (Dr. Newman) feel confident you will be sorry to find associated a name so eminent as yours." To this note Mr. Kingsley replies in a letter to Dr. Newman, avowing the article, and specifying, as "the document to which he expressly referred, the sermon entitled, 'Wisdom and Innocence,' from Sermons on 'Subjects of the Day,' published in 1844." Dr. Newman's reply is not much more than a simple acknowledgment, but it concludes with a very piercing sting. The article was signed C. K., but, says Dr. Newman, "when I wrote to Mr. Macmillan, no person whatever whom I had seen or heard of occurred to me as the author of the statement in question. When I received your letter taking upon yourself the authorship, I was amazed." Here steps in a mysterious personage, X. Y., Esq., "a gentleman who interposed between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman," as Dr. Newman informs us. Who invoked his interposition does not appear, nor when or why he interfered at all. X. Y. is, we suppose, a friend of Mr. Kingsley, for it comes out incidentally that he "confesses plainly that he had read the passage, and did not even think that I (Dr. Newman) or any of my communion would think it unjust." X. Y., however, must have been consulted either by Mr. Kingsley or Mr. Macmillan very shortly after Dr. Newman's first letter of December 30, for X. Y. writes to Dr. Newman on January 5, and Mr. Kingsley's letter admitting the authorship is dated January 6. To Mr. Kingsley Dr. Newman replies, as we have said, curtly on the 7th, but on the 8th he delivers himself at full to X. Y. The substance of it is this:—"Who the writer was had never crossed my mind; had any one said it was Mr. Kingsley, I should have laughed in his face. The initials I saw; but I live out of the world; and if Messrs. Macmillan will not think the confession rude, I never saw the outside of their Magazine before. I seldom notice personal attacks; there is a call upon me to answer this, especially as you, an educated man, breathing English air and walking in the light of the nineteenth century,

think that neither I nor any of my communion feel any difficulty in allowing that 'Truth for its own sake need not, and on the whole ought not to be' a virtue with the Roman clergy. . . . For a writer to go out of his way to have a fling at an unpopular name, living but 'down,' and boldly to say to those who know no better, who do not know me—to say of me, 'Father Newman informs us that Truth, &c.,' and to be thus brilliant and antithetical in the very cause of Truth, is a proceeding of so special a nature as to lead me to exclaim, 'O Truth, how many lies are told in thy name.' . . . I ask for no explanation—that concerns the author and editor. If they set about proving their point, or, should they find that impossible, if they say so, in either case I shall call them men. But if they only propose to say that I have 'complained,' and that 'they yield to my explanations,' or 'that they are quite ready to be convinced if I will convince them,' and so on . . . that is, if they ignore the fact that the *onus probandi* of a very definite accusation lies upon them—then, I say, they had better let it all alone."

Thus warned, Mr. Kingsley falls into the meshes which had been spread round every avenue of retreat. On the 14th of January, after having seen Dr. Newman's letter of the 8th of January to X. Y., Mr. Kingsley replies:—"As the tone of your letters (even more than their language) make me feel" (if Mr. Kingsley had not written in a hurry he would probably have written grammatically and said "makes") "that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one, I shall send at once to *Macmillan's Magazine* a few lines, which I enclose." In reply, Dr. Newman observes upon these "few lines":—"I gravely disapprove of the letter as a whole, and the grounds of this dissatisfaction will be best understood if I place in parallel columns its paragraphs and what I conceive will be the popular reading of them:—

Mr. Kingsley's [proposed] Letter [to Macmillan's Magazine.]

Unjust, but too probable, popular rendering of it.

1. Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of the Rev. Dr. Newman, which were founded on a Sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," preached by him as Vicar of St. Mary, and published in 1844.

2. Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words.

3. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them.

4. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this or any other matter.

1. I have set before Dr. Newman, as he challenged me to do, extracts from his writings, and he has affixed to them what he conceives to be their legitimate sense, to the denial of that in which I understood them.

2. He has done this with the skill of a great master of verbal fence, who knows, as well as any man living, how to insinuate a doctrine without committing himself to it.

3. However, while I heartily regret that I have so seriously mistaken the sense which he assures me his words were meant to bear, I cannot but feel a hearty pleasure also, at having brought him, for once in a way, to confess that after all truth is a Christian virtue.

Mr. Kingsley, upon the receipt of this letter, withdrew two of the paragraphs, and published his explanation in the following terms (*Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1864):—

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence" (Sermon 20 of "Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day"). Dr. Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Eversley, January 14, 1864.

Dr. Newman, however, was not satisfied. He writes to Messrs. Macmillan:—

Mr. Kingsley did not remove that portion of his letter to which lay my main objection. My objection to the sentence—

"Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words"—

I thus explained:—

"Its main fault is, that, quite contrary to your intention, it will be understood by the general reader to intimate, that I have been confronted with definite extracts from my works, and have laid before you my own interpretation of them. Such a proceeding I have indeed challenged, and have not been so fortunate as to bring about."

In answer to this representation, Mr. Kingsley wrote to me as follows:—"It seems to me, that, by referring publicly to the sermon, on which my allegations are founded, I have given, not only you, but every one an opportunity of judging of their justice. Having done this, and having frankly accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as any English gentleman can expect from another."

. . . I bring the matter before you, without requiring from you any reply.

The conclusion of the whole matter is contained in Dr. Newman's reflections on the above, which, as a mere piece of effective writing, is too good to be abridged:—

Reflections on the above.

I shall attempt a brief analysis of the foregoing correspondence; and I trust that the wording which I shall adopt will not offend against the gravity due both to myself and to the occasion. It is impossible to do justice to the course of thought evolved in it without some familiarity of expression.

Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming—"O the cheannery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have

not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit; one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm."

I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you."

I make answer: "Oh . . . Not, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage."

Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know I like your tone. From your tone I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said."

I rejoin: "Mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point."

I object: "Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't."

"Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will."

My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

But Mr. Kingsley re-assures me: "We are both gentlemen," he says; "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another."

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. "Habeamus contumetum reum."

So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! "I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: "O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the Correspondence, which lies between these two acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock.

Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley.

J. H. N.

Of course there is a ludicrous side to this little passage of arms, if fight that can be called *ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*. The notion of a conflict between Dr. Newman and Mr. Charles Kingsley is only funny. But it illustrates the two men. Mr. Kingsley's habit of mind is a very unfortunate one for a serious investigator of truth. He is only deficient in the accomplishments of accuracy and gravity. To weigh his words is not so important as to calculate their force. Lively, impetuous, vigorous, hasty, too quick in forming judgments, and too vehement in expressing them, he is a brilliant partisan but a very unsafe teacher. It is not that he would intentionally disregard truth, but he is so anxious to get at a conclusion, and so very heedless in impressing his conclusions strongly upon others, that he is apt to be careless in investigating the grounds of what ought to be his judgments, but which are his prejudices. He is the most sensational writer of history who ever disdained the labour of reading. We think that, substantially, what he really meant to say about the Roman Church was right, and that even what he meant to say about a certain aspect of Dr. Newman's teaching in a particular sermon had some justification; but then what he meant to say was what he did not say. What he did say about Dr. Newman is entirely unjustifiable, inaccurate, and indeed untrue; and he had much better have said so. Dr. Newman simply pins him to definite words, confines him to the record, holds him in a hard, biting, grammatical and logical vice. And there is an end of what Mr. Kingsley did say. A Professor of History, criticising a work of history, is bound to speak strictly or to hold his tongue. Mr. Kingsley uttered very nearly as many inaccuracies, and indeed positive misstatements—Dr. Newman gives them a plainer name—as words in his now famous sentence, "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage." In fact, Father Newman never wrote the sermon on Wisdom and Innocence at all. It was not Father Newman, but Mr. Newman, an Anglican vicar, who preached and published it. Next, the word Truth only occurs once in the sermon at all, and quite in another connexion, when the preacher observes that "the truth has in itself the gift of spreading without instruments." Neither does the sermon contain one single word about the moral obligations of the clergy, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican. Neither of the words "Roman" or "Clergy" occur in the whole sermon. Nor is there any discussion whatever about truth or its claims, general or partial, seeing that truth is not named in the sermon. Nor again does Dr. Newman inform us that "cunning is the weapon given to the saints," seeing that he says "Christians were allowed the arms—that is, the arts—of the defenceless. Even the inferior animals will teach us how the Creator has compensated to the weak their want of strength by giving them other qualities which may avail with the strong. They have the gift of fleetness . . . or some natural cunning which enables them to elude their enemies. . . . Brute force is counterbalanced by flight, brute passion by prudence and artifice." And then he goes on to argue from this illustration, as his text suggested:—"The servants of Christ are forbidden to defend themselves by violence, but they are not forbidden other means. For instance, foresight. . . . avoid-

ance. . . prudence and skill, as in the text, 'Be ye wise as serpents.' And, lastly, as to the somewhat offensive language attributed to Dr. Newman—"cunning is given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage"—there is not one single word in the sermon, from end to end, about males or marriage or giving in marriage. The explanation of the whole matter is this:—Mr. Kingsley had some vague and indistinct recollections of a sermon of Mr. Newman's which, when he read it, made a great impression upon him—an impression so deep that it "shook off the strong influence which Dr. Newman's writings had excited in him," and which sermon seemed to Mr. Kingsley's mind to convey a sort of apology for unmanliness and unstraightforwardness, and to suggest a theory and Christian philosophy of slyness and artifice and insincerity. If Mr. Kingsley had said this, he would have been perfectly justified in saying it; but what he was not justified morally in doing was deliberately to assign to Dr. Newman express language and plain words which Dr. Newman never used, without any reference or quotation. And what he was not justified merely as a literary man in doing was to imagine for a moment that Dr. Newman—of all men in the world, so consummate a master of language, so subtle, so indirect and suggestive, so pregnant with qualifications, so refined, and so judicious, not to say so crafty, in statement—should ever deliver himself of such a coarse, vulgar, stupid saying as, "Truth need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue," and "cunning is the virtue which Heaven has given to the saints to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world."

But, after all, the interesting and important question remains—What was it that Mr. John Henry Newman really did teach in his sermon, "Wisdom and Innocence"? Does it contain anything which would justify Mr. Kingsley or anybody else in drawing from it, as the fair and natural or even probable sense, something like his interpretation of its purpose and meaning? What is the general drift of this very remarkable sermon—or, in other words, what is, on this point, the broad scope of Mr. Newman's ethical teaching? To discuss these questions in this place would be impossible were it proper, but a line or two of thought may be indicated.

There are two classes of minds which never can be brought to understand each other, and Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley represent to some extent either type. The one is the impetuous, thoughtless, unscientific man, whose conclusions are often right, but who is singularly unpractical, impatient, honest, but useless. He gets hold of a great broad moral truth, and, careless of distinctions, limitations, and qualifications, tries or thinks that he tries to hold to it, come what may of consequences. He is the consistent man—the man who always says what he thinks, and thinks it a duty never to hold his tongue—who tells you *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*—who, if he sees truth, right, duty, and honesty, follows truth, right, duty, and honesty, as he says, at all costs. He does not believe that prudence is a virtue at all; he scorns the very notion of management; he cannot believe it to be right ever to furl all sails and lie to till the tyranny be overpast. This character is a high ideal; its only defect is that it generally ends in disastrous failure. The other character is that of wisdom, prudence, and farsightedness, of skill and management, and what looks very like intrigue. It accepts the world, and tries to make the best of it. It affects compromises, weighs consequences, calculates chances, makes the best of a bad bargain, trims, thinks that a retreat has its value, and that nothing is worse than a crushing defeat. In morals, such a man believes in the duty of balancing conflicting motives, giving up one apparent good in favour of another apparent good which has a slight, and perhaps only an apparent, preponderance. The one is said to be the political mind, the other the moral mind—a foolish distinction, since politics is only the highest form of ethics. The two minds cannot do justice to each other. The politician thinks the moralist to be generally a fool; the moralist retorts by his conviction that the politician must be a knave. If it is a matter of regret that the idealist in practice seldom reaches his own lofty standard, it must be admitted that the practical man of the world generally acts in advance of his looser code of moral obligations.

Now, Dr. Newman's is eminently the political mind; or at least he recognises it, and tries to do it justice. He wants to see whether there is in the Gospel morality that eternal opposition between plain sailing and tacking which is said to exist—whether eternal morality is compatible with prudence, discretion, and the political mind. Undoubtedly the question is worth raising, for it is one of the most serious things to settle whether, for example, the economical and commercial and practical virtues of modern times are totally irreconcilable with Christian ethics. If they are irreconcilable—and the language of most preachers, when they discuss what they would call "the world," would tend to this conclusion—then it is quite plain that the whole framework and most of the motives of society are absolutely anti-Christian. This, less expanded of course, is the problem to which Dr. Newman addresses himself. He sees, or thinks he sees, in the Bible indications of the obligation of such a duty as prudence, and that it is distinctly recognised as a Christian virtue, and that somehow or other it is indicated by the combination of the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove. How far Dr. Newman succeeds in his argument is not the present question. Whether some of his illustrations are not unfortunate, whether in the sermon he introduces sufficient safeguards in a very subtle discussion, or whether he may not be

justly chargeable with at least an apparent apology for all the ecclesiastical chicanery and fraud and double-dealing of which he admits the existence, we shall not pronounce. It is quite enough to believe that the very discussion of such a subject would be repulsive to an impetuous character like Mr. Kingsley's. From his cast of thought, and habitual precipitancy and looseness of judgment, he is disqualified from doing justice to a question of this nature. The very thought of it sweeps away such little calmness as he possesses. We repeat, there is no wonder that two such minds fail to understand each other. And, by way of illustration, there is at the present moment a case in the ecclesiastical world which is much to the point. The promoters of the prosecution against *Essays and Reviews* could have no sympathy with that serpentine wisdom which would have counselled inaction; and, on the other hand, the event has proved that bringing an old house about your ears can be managed by the most dove-like innocence and dove-like weakness of judgment. So again, in the present political crisis, the honest people who cry out for an immediate and active interference on behalf of little Denmark have not a word to say for politicians and statesmen except that the whole thing is sheer cowardice and immorality.

Let us add a word on the main question as to the wise and artificial temper which Mr. Newman finds inculcated in the Bible. That the combination is possible, Dr. Newman himself presents at least an approximating proof. Perhaps the actual compatibility of the serpent with the dove is not a matter of choice in his own case. But, unconsciously it may be, he somehow does seem to illustrate the great original he draws. Were it necessary to show what prudent simplicity really is, and to point to the serpentine and columbine natures united in actual life, one might fancy them impersonated in some grave recluse, brooding turtle-like for the most part in serene solitude and peaceful nest, apart from the world, uninterested in its petty wrangles, careless—perhaps, as he humbly suggests, careless "from indolence"—of attacks on himself and on his own coreligionists, especially if they were such as it were inconvenient to meet, but springing out now and then with the lithe and supple crash of the serpent, erect, defiant, and pitiless, and hissing with scorn, when the hour of vengeance arrived and a helpless victim were within reach of his cruel fangs.

PATENT MEDICINES.

AN attempt will probably be made in the present Session to induce Parliament to impose some restraint upon the sale of what are called Patent Medicines. The General Medical Council desire to obtain some amendments and additions to the Medical Act which was passed in 1858; and they propose to insert in the Bill which they will ask Parliament to pass a clause providing that no patent or quack medicine shall be sold unless a sworn certificate of its composition be lodged with the registrar of the General Council, and a copy thereof be open for inspection in the shop where such medicine is sold. The vendors of what friends call "patent" and enemies "quack" medicines are numerous, wealthy, and influential. The believers in the efficacy of such medicines are probably not scarce in the House of Commons, and they may be counted by millions outside its walls. The authors of the proposed clause, however conscious of their own integrity, can hardly hope to escape the imputation of interested motives in seeking to restrain the action of those who are in effect competitors with the profession of which they are the representatives. It may be added that the sale of stamps and licences for these medicines yields a revenue which is considerable and likely to increase, though whether the augmentation of it ought to be regarded as a proof of the prosperity of the country is doubtful, except, perhaps, in this point of view—that the richer people are the more luxuriously will they live, and the more frequent will be their want of digestive pills. For these reasons, it is very unlikely that the proposed clause will ever find its way into an Act; but it is not impossible that the House of Commons may be induced to appoint a Committee to inquire into the whole subject of the sale of Patent Medicines, and to collect in a blue book the opinions of eminent physicians on the one hand, and of the makers and sellers of these medicines, and that portion of the public which believes in them, on the other.

It would be interesting to watch a Committee engaged in investigating some of those wonderful cures of which we read daily in the advertisements of patent medicines. Copies of testimonials to the efficacy of various preparations are freely circulated along with the packages which contain them, and it would be highly advantageous to have the originals of these testimonials produced before the Committee, or, better still, to induce the writers of them to afford ocular demonstration of the perfection of health and strength to which they have attained. There is at this moment a gentleman who had long been suffering "from a very deplorable state of nervousness, lassitude, low spirits, head-ache, dimness of sight, loss of memory and strength, in short, of all zest for everything that renders life pleasant," and who, having been marvellously restored by very simple means, feels it incumbent on him, as a public duty, to impart the information to others similarly affected. Surely this gentleman would be delighted to receive a summons to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons. Then there are the particulars of the 60,000 cases of health restored by the use of the *Revalenta Arabica*, including the cases of a French marquis and an English lord. Such particulars would certainly deserve a place

think that neither I nor any of my communion feel any difficulty in allowing that 'Truth for its own sake need not, and on the whole ought not to be' a virtue with the Roman clergy. . . . For a writer to go out of his way to have a fling at an unpopular name, living but 'down,' and boldly to say to those who know no better, who do not know me—to say of me, 'Father Newman informs us that Truth, &c.,' and to be thus brilliant and antithetical in the very cause of Truth, is a proceeding of so special a nature as to lead me to exclaim, 'O Truth, how many lies are told in thy name.' . . . I ask for no explanation—that concerns the author and editor. If they set about proving their point, or should they find that impossible, if they say so, in either case I shall call them men. But if they only propose to say that I have 'complained,' and that 'they yield to my explanations,' or 'that they are quite ready to be convinced if I will convince them,' and so on . . . that is, if they ignore the fact that the *onus probandi* of a very definite accusation lies upon them—then, I say, they had better let it all alone."

Thus warned, Mr. Kingsley falls into the meshes which had been spread round every avenue of retreat. On the 14th of January, after having seen Dr. Newman's letter of the 8th of January to X. Y., Mr. Kingsley replies:—"As the tone of your letters (even more than their language) make me feel" (if Mr. Kingsley had not written in a hurry he would probably have written grammatically and said "makes") "that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one, I shall send at once to *Macmillan's Magazine* a few lines, which I enclose." In reply, Dr. Newman observes upon these "few lines":—"I gravely disapprove of the letter as a whole, and the grounds of this dissatisfaction will be best understood if I place in parallel columns its paragraphs and what I conceive will be the popular reading of them:—

Mr. Kingsley's [proposed] Letter [to *Macmillan's Magazine*.] Unjust, but too probable, popular rendering of it.

1. Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of the Rev. Dr. Newman, which were founded on a Sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," preached by him as Vicar of St. Mary, and published in 1844.

2. Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words.

3. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them.

4. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this or any other matter.

2. I have set before Dr. Newman, as he challenged me to do, extracts from his writings, and he has affixed to them what he conceives to be their legitimate sense, to the denial of that in which I understood them.

3. He has done this with the skill of a great master of verbal fence, who knows, as well as any man living, how to insinuate a doctrine without committing himself to it.

4. However, while I heartily regret that I have so seriously mistaken the sense which he assures me his words were meant to bear, I cannot but feel a hearty pleasure also, at having brought him, for once in a way, to confess that after all truth is a Christian virtue.

Mr. Kingsley, upon the receipt of this letter, withdrew two of the paragraphs, and published his explanation in the following terms (*Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1864):—

To the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

SIR,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence" (Sermon 20 of "Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day"). Dr. Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Dr. Newman, however, was not satisfied. He writes to Messrs. *Macmillan*:—

Mr. Kingsley did not remove that portion of his letter to which lay my main objection. My objection to the sentence—

"Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words"—

I thus explained:—

"Its main fault is, that, quite contrary to your intention, it will be understood by the general reader to intimate, that I have been confronted with definite extracts from my works, and have laid before you my own interpretation of them. Such a proceeding I have indeed challenged, and have not been so fortunate as to bring about."

In answer to this representation, Mr. Kingsley wrote to me as follows:—"It seems to me, that, by referring publicly to the sermon, on which my allegations are founded, I have given, not only you, but every one an opportunity of judging of their injustice. Having done this, and having frankly accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as any English gentleman can expect from another."

. . . I bring the matter before you, without requiring from you any reply.

The conclusion of the whole matter is contained in Dr. Newman's reflections on the above, which, as a mere piece of effective writing, is too good to be abridged:—

Reflections on the above.

I shall attempt a brief analysis of the foregoing correspondence; and I trust that the wording which I shall adopt will not offend against the gravity due both to myself and to the occasion. It is impossible to do justice to the course of thought evolved in it without some familiarity of expression.

Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming—"O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have

not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit; one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm."

I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you."

I make answer: "Oh . . . Not, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage."

Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know I like your tone. From your tone I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said."

I rejoice: "Mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point."

I object: "Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't."

"Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will."

My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my word that happened to be on trial. The word of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

But Mr. Kingsley re-assures me: "We are both gentlemen," he says; "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another."

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. "Habemus confitentem reum."

So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! "I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: "O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the Correspondence, which lies between these two acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock.

Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley.

J. H. N.

Of course there is a ludicrous side to this little passage of arms, if fight that can be called *ubi tu pulsas, ego capulo tantum*. The notion of a conflict between Dr. Newman and Mr. Charles Kingsley is only funny. But it illustrates the two men. Mr. Kingsley's habit of mind is a very unfortunate one for a serious investigator of truth. He is only deficient in the accomplishments of accuracy and gravity. To weigh his words is not so important as to calculate their force. Lively, impetuous, vigorous, hasty, too quick in forming judgments, and too vehement in expressing them, he is a brilliant partisan but a very unsafe teacher. It is not that he would intentionally disregard truth, but he is so anxious to get at a conclusion, and so very heedless in impressing his conclusions strongly upon others, that he is apt to be careless in investigating the grounds of what ought to be his judgments, but which are his prejudices. He is the most sensational writer of history who ever disdained the labour of reading. We think that, substantially, what he really meant to say about the Roman Church was right, and that even what he meant to say about a certain aspect of Dr. Newman's teaching in a particular sermon had some justification; but then what he meant to say was what he did not say. What he did say about Dr. Newman is entirely unjustifiable, inaccurate, and indeed untrue; and he had much better have said so. Dr. Newman simply pins him to definite words, confines him to the record, holds him in a hard, biting, grammatical and logical vice. And there is an end of what Mr. Kingsley did say. A Professor of History, criticising a work of history, is bound to speak strictly or to hold his tongue. Mr. Kingsley uttered very nearly as many inaccuracies, and indeed positive misstatements—Dr. Newman gives them a plainer name—as words in his now famous sentence, "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage." In fact, Father Newman never wrote the sermon on Wisdom and Innocence at all. It was not Father Newman, but Mr. Newman, an Anglican vicar, who preached and published it. Next, the word Truth only occurs once in the sermon at all, and quite in another connexion, when the preacher observes that "the truth has in itself the gift of spreading without instruments." Neither does the sermon contain one single word about the moral obligations of the clergy, whether Roman, Greek, or Anglican. Neither of the words "Roman" or "Clergy" occur in the whole sermon. Nor is there any discussion whatever about truth or its claims, general or partial, seeing that truth is not named in the sermon. Nor again does Dr. Newman inform us that "cunning is the weapon given to the saints," seeing that he says "Christians were allowed the arms—that is, the arts—of the defenceless. Even the inferior animals will teach us how the Creator has compensated to the weak their want of strength by giving them other qualities which may avail with the strong. They have the gift of fleetness . . . or some natural cunning which enables them to elude their enemies. . . . Brute force is counteracted by flight, brute passion by prudence and artifice." And then he goes on to argue from this illustration, as his text suggested:—"The servants of Christ are forbidden to defend themselves by violence, but they are not forbidden other means. For instance, foresight. . . avoid-

ance. . . prudence and skill, as in the text, 'Be ye wise as serpents.' And, lastly, as to the somewhat offensive language attributed to Dr. Newman—"cunning is given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage"—there is not one single word in the sermon, from end to end, about males or marriage or giving in marriage. The explanation of the whole matter is this:—Mr. Kingsley had some vague and indistinct recollections of a sermon of Mr. Newman's which, when he read it, made a great impression upon him—an impression so deep that it "shook off the strong influence which Dr. Newman's writings had excited in him," and which sermon seemed to Mr. Kingsley's mind to convey a sort of apology for unmanliness and unstraightforwardness, and to suggest a theory and Christian philosophy of slyness and artifice and insincerity. If Mr. Kingsley had said this, he would have been perfectly justified in saying it; but what he was not justified morally in doing was deliberately to assign to Dr. Newman express language and plain words which Dr. Newman never used, without any reference or quotation. And what he was not justified merely as a literary man in doing was to imagine for a moment that Dr. Newman—of all men in the world, so consummate a master of language, so subtle, so indirect and suggestive, so pregnant with qualifications, so refined, and so judicious, not to say so crafty, in statement—should ever deliver himself of such a coarse, vulgar, stupid saying as, "Truth need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue," and "cunning is the virtue which Heaven has given to the saints to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world."

But, after all, the interesting and important question remains—What was it that Mr. John Henry Newman really did teach in his sermon, "Wisdom and Innocence"? Does it contain anything which would justify Mr. Kingsley or anybody else in drawing from it, as the fair and natural or even probable sense, something like his interpretation of its purpose and meaning? What is the general drift of this very remarkable sermon—or, in other words, what is, on this point, the broad scope of Mr. Newman's ethical teaching? To discuss these questions in this place would be impossible were it proper, but a line or two of thought may be indicated.

There are two classes of minds which never can be brought to understand each other, and Dr. Newman and Mr. Kingsley represent to some extent either type. The one is the impetuous, thoughtless, unscientific man, whose conclusions are often right, but who is singularly unpractical, impatient, honest, but useless. He gets hold of a great broad moral truth, and, careless of distinctions, limitations, and qualifications, tries or thinks that he tries to hold to it, come what may of consequences. He is the consistent man—the man who always says what he thinks, and thinks it a duty never to hold his tongue—who tells you *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*—who, if he sees truth, right, duty, and honesty, follows truth, right, duty, and honesty, as he says, at all costs. He does not believe that prudence is a virtue at all; he scorns the very notion of management; he cannot believe it to be right ever to furl all sails and lie to till the tyranny be overpast. This character is a high ideal; its only defect is that it generally ends in disastrous failure. The other character is that of wisdom, prudence, and farsightedness, of skill and management, and what looks very like intrigue. It accepts the world, and tries to make the best of it. It affects compromises, weighs consequences, calculates chances, makes the best of a bad bargain, trims, thinks that a retreat has its value, and that nothing is worse than a crushing defeat. In morals, such a man believes in the duty of balancing conflicting motives, giving up one apparent good in favour of another apparent good which has a slight, and perhaps only an apparent, preponderance. The one is said to be the political mind, the other the moral mind—a foolish distinction, since politics is only the highest form of ethics. The two minds cannot do justice to each other. The politician thinks the moralist to be generally a fool; the moralist retorts by his conviction that the politician must be a knave. If it is a matter of regret that the idealist in practice seldom reaches his own lofty standard, it must be admitted that the practical man of the world generally acts in advance of his looser code of moral obligations.

Now, Dr. Newman's is eminently the political mind; or at least he recognises it, and tries to do it justice. He wants to see whether there is in the Gospel morality that eternal opposition between plain sailing and tacking which is said to exist—whether eternal morality is compatible with prudence, discretion, and the political mind. Undoubtedly the question is worth raising, for it is one of the most serious things to settle whether, for example, the economical and commercial and practical virtues of modern times are totally irreconcilable with Christian ethics. If they are irreconcilable—and the language of most preachers, when they discuss what they would call "the world," would tend to this conclusion—then it is quite plain that the whole framework and most of the motives of society are absolutely anti-Christian. This, less expanded of course, is the problem to which Dr. Newman addresses himself. He sees, or thinks he sees, in the Bible indications of the obligation of such a duty as prudence, and that it is distinctly recognised as a Christian virtue, and that somehow or other it is indicated by the combination of the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove. How far Dr. Newman succeeds in his argument is not the present question. Whether some of his illustrations are not unfortunate, whether in the sermon he introduces sufficient safeguards in a very subtle discussion, or whether he may not be

justly chargeable with at least an apparent apology for all the ecclesiastical chicanes and fraud and double-dealing of which he admits the existence, we shall not pronounce. It is quite enough to believe that the very discussion of such a subject would be repulsive to an impetuous character like Mr. Kingsley's. From his cast of thought, and habitual precipitancy and looseness of judgment, he is disqualified from doing justice to a question of this nature. The very thought of it sweeps away such little calmness as he possesses. We repeat, there is no wonder that two such minds fail to understand each other. And, by way of illustration, there is at the present moment a case in the ecclesiastical world which is much to the point. The promoters of the prosecution against *Essays and Reviews* could have no sympathy with that serpentine wisdom which would have counselled inaction; and, on the other hand, the event has proved that bringing an old house about your ears can be managed by the most dove-like innocence and dove-like weakness of judgment. So again, in the present political crisis, the honest people who cry out for an immediate and active interference on behalf of little Denmark have not a word to say for politicians and statesmen except that the whole thing is sheer cowardice and immorality.

Let us add a word on the main question as to the wise and artificial temper which Mr. Newman finds inculcated in the Bible. That the combination is possible, Dr. Newman himself presents at least an approximating proof. Perhaps the actual compatibility of the serpent with the dove is not a matter of choice in his own case. But, unconsciously it may be, he somehow does seem to illustrate the great original he draws. Were it necessary to show what prudent simplicity really is, and to point to the serpentine and columbine natures united in actual life, one might fancy them impersonated in some grave recluse, brooding turtle-like for the most part in serene solitude and peaceful nest, apart from the world, uninterested in its petty wrangles, careless—perhaps, as he humbly suggests, careless "from indolence"—of attacks on himself and on his own coreligionists, especially if they were such as it were inconvenient to meet, but springing out now and then with the lithe and supple crash of the serpent, erect, defiant, and pitiless, and hissing with scorn, when the hour of vengeance arrived and a helpless victim were within reach of his cruel fangs.

PATENT MEDICINES.

AN attempt will probably be made in the present Session to induce Parliament to impose some restraint upon the sale of what are called Patent Medicines. The General Medical Council desire to obtain some amendments and additions to the Medical Act which was passed in 1858; and they propose to insert in the Bill which they will ask Parliament to pass a clause providing that no patent or quack medicine shall be sold unless a sworn certificate of its composition be lodged with the registrar of the General Council, and a copy thereof be open for inspection in the shop where such medicine is sold. The vendors of what friends call "patent" and enemies "quack" medicines are numerous, wealthy, and influential. The believers in the efficacy of such medicines are probably not scarce in the House of Commons, and they may be counted by millions outside its walls. The authors of the proposed clause, however conscious of their own integrity, can hardly hope to escape the imputation of interested motives in seeking to restrain the action of those who are in effect competitors with the profession of which they are the representatives. It may be added that the sale of stamps and licences for these medicines yields a revenue which is considerable and likely to increase, though whether the augmentation of it ought to be regarded as a proof of the prosperity of the country is doubtful, except, perhaps, in this point of view—that the richer people are the more luxuriously will they live, and the more frequent will be their want of digestive pills. For these reasons, it is very unlikely that the proposed clause will ever find its way into an Act; but it is not impossible that the House of Commons may be induced to appoint a Committee to inquire into the whole subject of the sale of Patent Medicines, and to collect in a blue book the opinions of eminent physicians on the one hand, and of the makers and sellers of these medicines, and that portion of the public which believes in them, on the other.

It would be interesting to watch a Committee engaged in investigating some of those wonderful cures of which we read daily in the advertisements of patent medicines. Copies of testimonials to the efficacy of various preparations are freely circulated along with the packages which contain them, and it would be highly advantageous to have the originals of these testimonials produced before the Committee, or, better still, to induce the writers of them to afford ocular demonstration of the perfection of health and strength to which they have attained. There is at this moment a gentleman who had long been suffering "from a very deplorable state of nervousness, lassitude, low spirits, head-ache, dimness of sight, loss of memory and strength, in short, of all zest for everything that renders life pleasant," and who, having been marvellously restored by very simple means, feels it incumbent on him, as a public duty, to impart the information to others similarly affected. Surely this gentleman would be delighted to receive a summons to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons. Then there are the particulars of the 60,000 cases of health restored by the use of the Revalenta Arabica, including the cases of a French marquise and an English lord. Such particulars would certainly deserve a place

in a blue-book. Again, there is that remarkable cure by the use of the Nervo-Arterial Essence, for which, according to an advertisement, a certain noble lord is prepared to vouch. It would be pleasant to hear the representative of Morison contending for "the medical liberty of the subject" against the Medical Council, and the representative of Holloway insisting on his right to continue to benefit mankind by the manufacture of those pills which "recall every organ to a due sense of its duties." Considered merely as an advertising medium, such a Committee would leave the Great Exhibition Commissioners of 1862 far behind, and if the members, besides inquiring into the merits of pills and potions, would try them personally and report their experiences to the House, they would obtain from the country a grateful remembrance which, to say the least, would be likely to endure longer than their own lives. If the Committee carried their investigations far enough, they would probably arrive at the conclusion that patent medicines may in general be divided into those which do no good and those which do harm. They would find, however, some important exceptions to this rule. There is, for instance, the composition called Chlorodyne, as to which some eminent physicians have declared that they have nothing to say against it, except that it is called by a barbarous name, which ought to mean, if it means anything, "green pain." The inventor has explained the composition of this name, which otherwise might have been as difficult to discover as the composition of the article which it designates. It appears that he made the word out of the two words "chloroform" and "anodyne," intending thereby to indicate what were the principal virtues of his composition. The medical profession seem to allow that this article possesses valuable qualities. Whether there is any great mystery in the composition of it may perhaps be doubted, seeing that at least three persons pretend to manufacture chlorodyne of which they can prove the efficacy by overwhelming testimonials. It would no doubt be urged against the proposal for compelling the production of a certificate of the composition of every patent medicine, even to the Medical Council, that secrets of great pecuniary value would thus become divulged. But this is an allegation which deserves sifting either before a Committee or elsewhere. It may be admitted that there are many patent medicines of which the most skilful chemist could not discover either the whole of the ingredients or the exact mode of putting them together. But a competent physician would know that a particular medicine contained certain chief elements, and he would be able to combine these with other substances so as to produce a medicine quite as efficacious for particular complaints as that which formed the subject of his examination. Speaking generally, it may be said that, as regards all the principal patent medicines which are not injurious, any regular practitioner ought to be able to produce either the thing itself or some equivalent for it.

But if this be so, it may be asked why do patent medicines enjoy such enormously profitable reputations? Probably several causes contribute to this result. There is, in the first place, that love of the mysterious which induces a large part of mankind to put faith in what pretends to be a secret remedy. Then, if either the patent medicine will cure your complaint, or you can believe it will, it is more agreeable to pay 1s. 1½d. for a box of pills than 17. 1s., or even 5s., to a doctor. It can hardly be doubted that the feeling of repugnance to paying doctors' bills or fees has a very great deal to do with the popularity of patent medicines. Another manifestation of the same feeling may be found in the general disposition of the public to encourage the keepers of chemists' shops to undertake what is called counter-practice. There are probably few of the keepers of these shops who possess some knowledge of medicine derived from study. There are certainly many of them who have not been able to handle drugs and chemicals all their lives without acquiring some practical acquaintance with their operation. Admitting that ignorance sometimes commits grave mistakes in this counter-practice, it is nevertheless true that the great majority of ailments, particularly of the humbler classes, are neither recondite in character nor difficult of cure. If a man buys a box of patent pills, and takes them, it may be fairly said that no medical skill at all is exercised in this transaction. If he buys a box of pills on a chemist's recommendation, the medical skill employed upon his case is perhaps exceedingly minute. Still there are, no doubt, an enormous number of cases in which pills procured in either of these ways do produce the desired effect upon those who take them. Even among properly qualified practitioners, the use of particular preparations is sometimes carried almost as far as by the patent-medicine venders who pretend that a whole class of diseases will yield, under all circumstances, to the same remedy. It is not unusual for a country doctor who has charge of the poor of a district to make up periodically a vast quantity of pills according to some one recipe, and to supply them, as an ignorant observer might think rather indiscriminately, to a large proportion of his humble patients. The annals of the poor, if recorded by such a doctor, would be very short and simple, since he would only have to state that he administered two or three of the invariable pills, and usually with the anticipated result. Now if a lot of these very pills were done up in ornamental and slightly mysterious-looking boxes, and if they were perseveringly advertised in town and country—and, above all, if a lady of title could be induced to write a letter, or if the speculator in pills would not mind forging one, to the effect that, after enduring years of agony or of mental and bodily weakness and prostration, and after vainly consulting

the most eminent members of the medical profession, the lady in question had been restored to health and happiness by taking a single box of these invaluable pills—it may be confidently asserted that, if the path thus indicated were steadily persevered in, it would lead to fortune. It may be suspected that the representatives of the medical profession rather exaggerate the evil which these patent medicines do, just as the venders of them exaggerate their utility. On the whole, perhaps, it would not be very far wrong to say that, as regards many of these medicines, they do not do much harm nor any good.

The Medical Council will point, in support of their proposal, to the French system, under which what we call patent medicines are not allowed to be sold until their composition has been submitted to, and approved by, authority. As has been said before, the proposal of the Medical Council does not seem likely to be carried; but if it were, the patent-medicine venders might derive comfort from observing that the activity of their brethren in France does not appear to be restricted by the interference of the State, at least so far as can be judged by the number and variety of their advertisements. One of the most indefatigable of French labourers in the cause of suffering humanity is a certain Félix Albinolo, who complains on every bill and wrapper which he distributes that our own Holloway has committed piracy upon him. This allegation is conveyed, not only in words, but by a spirited engraving, where we see Truth and Justice engaged in restoring M. Albinolo to his proper honours, in the presence of an assemblage which appears to consist of the typical John Bull and a British grenadier and sailor, the latter of whom is enjoying the company of his sweetheart, in compensation, as the artist evidently intends, for the loss of a leg in his country's cause. Truth has her foot upon what seems to be a box of Holloway's pills. The system of M. Albinolo appears to be thus far identical with that of Holloway, that both sell ointment and pills. But, among the many and various forms of advertisements put forth by Holloway, there has not been one which mentioned "graisse de vipère" as possessing in itself incontestable curative properties, and serving, in combination with other substances, to facilitate accouchements, to relieve the pains of gout, and to combat affections of the nerves, paralysis, and general debility of the system. Another important difference between M. Albinolo and his English rival appears to be that the latter ministers only to the necessities of the human race, but the former is ready to become the benefactor of all creation. One of M. Albinolo's addresses to the public is embellished with a picture, which is positively affecting, of a sick horse, and with another picture of the same horse restored to health by the use of the pills and ointment. We learn, from one of the testimonials to which these pictures call attention, that the writer bought a little while ago for ten francs a horse destined for the knacker's yard. The horse was in such a state of weakness that two strong men were needed to put him on his legs, and support him as he walked to the stable of his purchaser. Intimately persuaded, says the writer, that M. Albinolo's ointment and pills would restore the horse to health, he administered them during three weeks, and he declares that the horse now does work for him every day, and looks as if there had never been anything the matter with him. After this, it may certainly be assumed that, if we were to imitate the French system, we should not be likely to impair the confidence of experimentalists upon the gullibility of mankind.

WILLIAM DYCE AND WILLIAM HUNT.

THE present year has been sadly fatal to English art in its principal branches. Whilst we were discovering or lamenting how much we had lost in Thackeray, the best of our older sculptors was taken from us in Mr. Behnes. Within another fortnight the deaths of "old William Hunt," as he was affectionately called, and of Mr. Dyce, the Academician, have made serious gaps in our schools of water-colour and of historical painting.

William Dyce, the son of a respectable physician, was born at Aberdeen in 1806, and went through a complete academical course in Marischal College, receiving the degree of M.A. before he began his education in art within the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy. These circumstances shed light over Dyce's subsequent career. He was pre-eminently an educated artist; and although at first he wisely set his hand to portraiture, the basis of all sound historical art in all ages, yet it is probable that his father's position gave the son a certain independence, which before long enabled him to show the bent of his nature in his work. After two visits of considerable length to Italy, where he studied with diligence, Dyce, returning to Scotland, adopted at once a choice of subjects and of style by which no English artist has ever succeeded in making his livelihood. A "Madonna and Child" and a "Bacchus Nursed by the Nymphs" were significant proofs that the young painter had already devoted himself to the scholastic or severe side of his art; and fortune, more favourable to him than to John Cross or to David Scott, his great contemporaries, allowed him to carry out the aim of his youth on a scale proportionate to its importance.

Dyce appeared in the Academy Exhibition, then just moved to Trafalgar Square, in 1836; and henceforward, we believe, his life was mainly spent in England. Indeed, whilst a literary aim is throughout evident in his work as an artist, stamping him through life as the faithful *alumnus* of his celebrated College, his style retained no impress of the modes of art in fashion within his native country. It is rather to the

eminent historical painters of modern France, or perhaps even more to the learned school of Germany, that we must look for those who influenced him. Soon after he had taken his place in English art, it will be remembered that, owing to many causes, amongst which the development of a living and picturesque style in architecture was perhaps the most important, the pictorial decoration of our public buildings, especially by fresco-painting, became an object, if not of popular, at least of intelligent interest in England. This movement found an earnest and cultivated advocate in Mr. Dyce. Already, in 1837, he had written one of those skilful and sensible pamphlets, bearing on art as a matter of intellect and education, of which we were to receive several from his pen; and, by a felicity of choice which does not always attend the Government when it takes a share in matters of art, he was appointed to the superintendence of the newly-established Schools of Design. In this capacity he prepared an elaborate report on the foreign systems of æsthetic education, which was not without its influence in promoting a movement which, amongst many reverses and shortcomings, has continued always to engage the deep sympathy of all who wish well to English art.

We are inclined, indeed, whilst recognising fully Mr. Dyce's peculiar merits as a painter, to regard him rather as the efficient student and teacher than the born artist by natural disposition. His career is a remarkable illustration of Reynolds' maxim, that success in art is mainly due to persevering industry. Dyce, in his practice, exhibited generally the soundness derived from good traditions and established academical rules. Especially in drawing, always the weak side of English artists, he held a distinguished place. As typical specimens of the painter, three oil pictures, amongst those shown in the Academy, may be quoted—a "Madonna and Child" (1846), "Jacob and Rachel" (1853), "Joshua Shooting the Arrow of Deliverance" (1844). These are thoroughly and firmly drawn, and soberly coloured, whilst the last-named rises to great force in expression and in archeological truth. Later on in life Mr. Dyce threw himself more into the new school of minute realization. To this manner belong two or three striking religious compositions, with the highly-finished scenes from the lives of Titian and of George Herbert which provoked much contemporary criticism (1857 and 1861). Whatever judgment we may be disposed to pronounce on the general merits of the school to which Dyce thus gave in his adhesion, it will be confessed that the pictures thus executed did not reach the force or completeness of effect exhibited by the earlier works, already noticed.

It is, however, as an "historical" painter in fresco that Mr. Dyce is likely to be best remembered. Here his works had the merit of leading the way in a style which the French artists have brought to such noble results in the churches of Paris. On the great series which his death has left incomplete within the walls of the Palace of Westminster, it would not be fair to anticipate the public verdict. We think, however, that there is good reason to believe that the Arthur frescoes will be found to raise the artist's reputation. The large work of this class by which he can best be judged is the cycle of subjects from the Life of Christ which fills the end of All Saints Church, in Margaret Street. Here the artist had to work in a worthy, but a most difficult field, contending as he did, by pictures which from their position must be regarded as the leading or central decoration, against architectural designs carried to a very high point of elaboration and of beauty. Putting Mr. Armitage's frescoes for a Roman Catholic church out of the field, Mr. Dyce still holds the highest place amongst those who have attempted to add the charm of sacred art to our own churches. The sobriety of this work realizes the ideal of ecclesiastical art much more truly than the flimsiness and the stiffness of some more recent attempts in London. The All Saints designs, although, from the stonework in which they are framed, he was restricted in composition, have a grave and thoughtful quality both in drawing and in colouring, with a subdued and refined grace of line, which are eminently suitable to religious paintings. Mr. Dyce was admitted Associate of the Academy in 1845—a full Academician in 1848.

In estimating Dyce's place as an artist, we must not pass over his other rare accomplishments—rare in painters as a class, and altogether unprecedented in an English painter. He was a profound and learned musician, and not only in the history but in the practice of vocal music he displayed much learning and industry. To him, perhaps, and to his early efforts in calling attention to choral music and to the compositions of the great English and Continental musicians, especially to the school of Palestrina, the Church of England is mainly indebted for its improvements in choir and anthem singing. Dyce's sumptuous edition of the Prayer Book with Marbeck's notation was the starting-point of the revival. Ecclesiastical and theological subjects were a favourite study with him; and the school of divinity which he cultivated corresponded to the scholastic and academical character of his art. He is perhaps the only painter of modern times who was familiar with Thomas Aquinas, and with the whole range of patristic as well as classical literature. He was in the habit of contributing occasionally learned articles to the theological periodicals of the Church, and in his Bampton Lectures Dr. Hessey acknowledges his obligations to Dyce for assistance on a very difficult and obscure point of theological history. His vigorous and acute pamphlet, "Shepherds and Sheep," in reply to Mr. Ruskin's crude views on Church polity under the fantastic name of "The Construction of Sheepfolds," will not be forgotten; and when we add that his earliest success at College was a Prize Essay on Elec-

tricity, it will be owned that, as it has not been given to many a man to be at once a man of science and a painter, a scholar, a musician, a theologian, a critic, and a good writer, so it has been reserved for Dyce to have been all these, and to have been a proficient in every accomplishment that he cultivated.

Great as William Hunt undoubtedly was—in his way, indeed, unique even more than all genius is wont to be—his life and works do not call for any detailed notice in these columns. Like Turner, though fifteen years later, Hunt was born in London (1790), and like him he was destined to illustrate by his art that pure and unalloyed Nature of which almost every trace is shut out from the five-and-twenty square miles covered by the "great city." Hunt's bent towards painting showed itself betimes. The period of his early youth coincides with what may be roughly defined as the second stage of our water-colour school. Some thirty years before, the art had begun in the brown and grey washed drawings of Turner and his earliest contemporaries, Girtin, J. Chalon, and Cozens, who opposed their simple style, magnificent in its broad effects and delicate appreciation of the truths of space, to the conventional colourists of the day. But, having laid this secure foundation for success, already these men, with Stevens, Havell, Cotman, and others, were attempting further advances. Colour was more fully employed; and whilst we recognise that in this stage of water-colours, already antiquated to us, the effect is often slight and tinted, yet with this were united a sweetness and transparency which are not only the characteristics of all good art, but in a more special manner are the characteristics of good water-colour painting.

Varley was one of the most conspicuous of this group. Under his charge Hunt was placed for a full seven years' apprenticeship. Until a strict chronological series of his works shall be collected and shown, it will be impossible to fix with accuracy the stages of Hunt's practice, or to settle the time when he introduced into the art those novel elements with which his name is connected. It is, however, clear that, after some years' experience in landscape-painting (frequently in oil), the bent of his genius displayed itself firmly in the two main directions which he was so long to follow—figure-subjects from rustic nature, and pictures of what is absurdly called "still life." His final decision in favour of water-colours as his medium may, perhaps, be dated from about 1820, when he began that endless series of contributions to the original Water-colour Society which has formed no small item in the attractiveness of their exhibitions. He was elected a member in 1827. The exclusive rules or practice of the Royal Academy practically denied this great artist admittance to their body; nor, distinguished as he was by modesty and simplicity of nature, is it likely that he resented the exclusion. At any rate, to the Society just named he continued faithful, and his last works appeared at their recent winter exhibition of sketches.

Hunt's style was marked by the simplicity and modesty which we have mentioned as characterizing his disposition. From first to last it was the same quiet, incessant, humble-hearted obedience to the nature which he wished to reproduce and to fix in art. Readers will remember the charming anecdote which Mr. Ruskin tells of him—how, when asked why he laid on this or that tint in one of his exquisite paintings of fruit or flowers, he said, "I am trying at it." This earnest "trying" led him to those enlargements of the technical methods of his art which we have referred to. Flowers and leaves, fruit and moss, the plumage and scale of bird and fish, the flush on the cheek of youth or the gleaming hair of childhood—all these, with indeed whatever else fell within the range of his pencil, required richer tints, more varied transparency, more solid modelling, than the limited range of colours then in use could supply. Without entering on technical details, it will be enough to say that the skill and industry of Hunt succeeded in supplying these deficiencies. Passing from the materials of his work to the artist's power in applying them, Hunt may be said to have united in a very rare degree the two great elements of painting. His absolute command of drawing (within a certain range of subject) enabled him to lay on colour with certainty of effect. His natural instinct for colour enabled him to give the fullest expression to the subtleties of the natural form which he had so completely mastered. A peculiar refinement of feeling and sense of the poetical in nature led him, lastly, to give his subjects, whether in their idea or in their execution, a grace, we might almost say an elevation, in which he stands almost alone. There are and have been many skilful painters of fruits and flowers; but whom shall we place before Hunt in the loftiness and exquisiteness of quality which he gave his groups? Others, again, may have seized fine curves and delicate surfaces with similar skill in draughtsmanship; but few indeed have been those whose skill has been employed with such subtle discrimination. Everything in one of these groups looks like accident itself. Yet, try to do the like, and the artist will quickly find that the composition is as studied and as perfect as the composition of Raffaele's "School of Athens." It is the same with the colour. Hunt's pictures, which at first sight seem formed of the elementary tints in their simplest purity, will be found on examination everywhere graduated with indescribable delicacy, and everywhere, when we take an inch and look at it separately, filled with passages of colour which we cannot bring within any named in the catalogue. Yet the total effect of these curiously broken and "stippled" tints is a soft and translucent brilliancy which seems beyond the range of art and her imperfect materials. And it should be specially noted, that whilst the force

and relief of Hunt's work are beyond that of any other work in his province, yet he never carries it to the point of deception. His grapes and plums are marvels of golden and purple plumpness; they have the fullest salience which is consistent with the rest of the composition; yet we are not moved to think that we can take them from their places.

Within this narrow circle Hunt moved supreme through an almost innumerable series of small masterpieces. It is certainly to them that we look for the true and complete manifestation of his genius. But, besides his early studies in oil, he occasionally painted indoor scenes with much largeness and picturesque effect; and he carried his fine eye for simple nature into the designs from rustic life which have given the English public so much innocent pleasure. We do not indeed think that he can be classed with our great figure-painters. For this he seems to us to want range, force, and completeness in drawing. He occasionally deviates into rather overstrained characterization. Yet, in this sphere, Hunt's healthy nature, sense of humour, and profound feeling for simple life have given his works a very marked and individual place. Both in these respects and in their execution—large, subtle, and simple at once—they may be a useful (though hitherto a little regarded) warning against the vices to which water-colour art, when applied to the human figure, is conspicuously prone. But he speaks still in the master-works which he has left us. If we might attempt to characterize his genius in one phrase, we would say that William Hunt has been unsurpassed amongst our artists in one of the noblest functions of art—that of exalting lowliness and giving a greatness to little things.

A VISIT FROM THE FENIANS.

THE first appearance of a hitherto somewhat mythical entity in the world of familiar facts cannot be without interest for the philosophic observer; and we notice with more than curiosity that the Fenians have at length (without a figure of speech) fought for themselves a place in authentic history. *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*—which means, crazier than the hero of the cabbage-garden, more ferociously Irish than The O'Donoghue, more nationalist than the *Nation*, and better at a faction fight than any number of Tipperary boys—the Brotherhood have just been giving the British public a practical taste of their quality. We are bound to say that the display quite comes up to any reasonable expectations that may have been formed. Nothing could possibly have gone off better than this first performance, on the domestic stage of the Dublin Rotunda, of actors whom we have heretofore only known by rumours, mostly of the vaguest. Well might The O'Donoghue, who had come all the way from Kerry to be present on the occasion, "venture to assert, having attended several meetings in that room, that he had never seen one so glorious and magnificent as the present;" though this, to be sure, was said before he had to run for his life from the shillelaghs of the assembled patriots. A gathering which began with "indescribable noise and confusion," and ended in a general scrimmage, was a thing to make the heart of Donnybrook itself glad. Rather less than fifteen minutes' speaking (with nobody to listen), and a little more than two hours' free fighting, may be said to realize the highest ideal of an Irish demonstration. From first to last, it must have been a truly refreshing season to all nationalists of well-regulated minds, though we are afraid that some of the weaker brethren must have thought the fun a trifle too fast and furious. Altogether, it may be said that last Monday was what the late illustrious Liberator used to call "a great day for Ireland."

To say that we have not the very smallest idea of what the fighting was all about is of course to say nothing that can in any way detract from the real merits of this glorious and magnificent exhibition of Irish moral force. Nevertheless, as a matter of intelligent curiosity, we should not object to be favoured with some faint approach to a rationale of the day's proceedings. We should like to be told why the Fenian Brotherhood would not give a decent hearing to so gifted and distinguished a nationalist as The O'Donoghue, whom one might have thought a patriot fairly up to their own mark; and why they broke out into the wildest fury when he happened to mention "his esteemed friend, Mr. Sullivan," of the *Nation* newspaper. We are not anxious for biographical particulars about the mysterious "Goulah," or "Sullivan Goulah," said to be a political informer of a past generation, who seems to be the black beast of the Brotherhood; but it might be interesting to learn what connexion, if any, exists between that unpopular personage and the gentleman who prints and publishes weekly batches of full-flavoured sedition, and how it comes to pass that "No more of Goulah" is an accepted synonym for "Down with Sullivan." Even the information that "Sullivan's a traitor," though in one point of view explicit enough, leaves much to be desired. To the inquiring mind some intelligible account of the nature of Sullivan's treasons might not be unacceptable. We know that all Irish patriots are, as a rule, much given to calling all other Irish patriots traitors, but we should have supposed that Sullivan at any rate was all right. The way in which Sullivan came out only last week, at the meeting of the Dublin Corporation, against the proposed statue of the Prince Consort in College Green, ought surely to have endeared him eternally to every reasonable sedition-monger. He was of opinion that "the names of those who voted for the statue would be branded with infamy to all posterity," and he predicted that "the hateful image would provoke the hissing and execration of

every true-hearted Irishman who went past it." What more could any right-minded Fenian desire? And this brings us to the greatest wonder of all. Why should the bare-armed Brotherhood have made it their concern to disturb a demonstration which was emphatically in their own line of political business? The sole and single object of the gathering at the Rotunda was to follow up, in appropriate speeches and resolutions, the outrage on all that is loyal and decent which had been perpetrated the week before by Mr. Sullivan and his applauding friends. It was to denounce, and insult, and vilify, and execrate a name and memory dearer than life to the widowed Queen of these realms. What on earth could possess the Fenians that they should spoil a performance so entirely in accordance with their own notions of propriety? The purpose of the demonstration was one, we should say, of all others best calculated to combine all grades and sections of disloyalty and political rowdiness in affectionate unanimity; and, in fact, it is not hinted in any quarter that the gentlemen who broke up the meeting dissented in the slightest degree from the views of its promoters. It is to be regretted that the local historians wholly omit to elucidate a mystery which sets conjecture at defiance, and we must therefore leave it as we find it.

The fight, however, was a very good fight, not the less for being hopelessly inexplicable in its origin and object. If we are left painfully in the dark as to the moral significance (if any) of the fray, we have delightfully graphic accounts of its material incidents, and are able to follow satisfactorily the course of the evening's entertainment. The first serious outbreak of Fenian wrath seems to have been provoked by an ill-advised appeal of The O'Donoghue to his fellow-patriots to maintain order and "support the authority of the chair"—it being doubtless felt by the assembly that authority in any shape savoured of base, brutal, and bloody Saxondom. For a while the orator manfully "refused to believe" that the irrelevant cry of "No Goulah," with which his apparently inoffensive suggestion was greeted, "represented the sense of the meeting," but he was speedily undeceived. When, in the next sentence for which he could gain a hearing, he unluckily stumbled, as we have already mentioned, on the odious name of "his esteemed friend," the sense of the meeting expressed itself with a force and distinctness that precluded all further misconception. "The excitement of the immense mass which thronged the hall increased to a fearful extent as they swayed to and fro, continuing to shout 'No Goulah!'" and it was soon evident that nothing could delay the inevitable crisis. The platform itself caught the infection. A gentleman of the Goulah faction gave a punch on the head to a gentleman of the anti-Goulah faction, which was duly returned; and the next instant "the whole mass on the platform was engaged in a terrific struggle, flourishing shillelaghs, boxing, throttling, tumbling over the chairs and forms, sprawling on the boards, kicking, and yelling." Meanwhile, the Fenian or anti-Goulah force in the body of the hall formed itself into a storming party for the assault of the platform, and, "being well drilled and commanded," captured the position before many minutes were over. Hereupon, The O'Donoghue, who had been vainly "waving his hat in an imploring manner," with Mr. Sullivan and some priests, sought—and, we are glad to say, found—safety in flight to an ante-room; where they passed an agreeable (and perhaps instructive) hour or two in listening, with carefully closed doors, to the uproar of the fierce democracy which they had hoped to wield at will, and where some of them may possibly have meditated on the inexpediency of administering stimulants to disloyalty and disaffection. The fugitives had not been a moment too soon, for the victorious assailants, now that their hands were in, were bent on making a clean sweep of everything and everybody. The chairs and tables were broken up and converted into weapons of war; the feeble remnant of the original promoters of the meeting was put to the rout; and the unfortunate reporters, whose gallant discharge of duty under difficulties deserves all praise, were thrust down into the body of the hall, we trust unhurt. The battle was now over; and the victors extemporised a flag of triumph, in the shape of a green table-cover, which they amused themselves with waving for the best part of an hour. Speeches followed, and it is said that one Fenian leader addressed his compatriots flourishing a naked sword; but the conscientious historian declines to vouch for an incident which has possibly no other than a mythical value. It need scarcely be added that it was eventually found necessary to send to the scene of action a strong detachment of police, by whose somewhat tardy exertions the building was finally cleared before midnight.

We do not know whether the amiable and sentimental nobleman who gracefully performs the ornamental duties of the Irish viceroyalty will feel called upon to concern himself about so coarse and vulgar a proceeding as a shillelagh fight in the largest public building in Dublin. There are certainly one or two features of the affair which may without impropriety claim his notice whenever he has leisure to spare from more congenial occupations. It is stated in one of the accounts that some of the Fenian combatants "wore the American uniform." It is added that these men have crossed the Atlantic fresh from service in the Federal campaigns, and are now busily engaged in drilling their brethren at home with a view to future contingencies, and more particularly with the object of "training an army to co-operate with the Americans when they come to invade Ireland." It is far from probable that the promised, or threatened, invasion will ever take place, but it is certain that a gang of political rowdies with a

practical knowledge of the rudiments of military drill and discipline are capable of doing an infinite deal of mischief among Irish peasants and mechanics, and form a very fit subject for official vigilance. There are quite enough elements of sedition and disaffection in the sister country without the addition of a "party of action" trained by Yankee instructors, obeying Yankee influences, and supported by real or imaginary Yankee patronage. The matter appears to be not wholly beneath the notice of the authorities, and it is to be hoped that Lord Carlisle, in the intervals of his flowery public addresses on the inexhaustible theme of Irish regeneration, may not forget to bestow some little thought on the enforcement of the law of the land against illicit military exercises. If there is a word of truth in the story that these Fenian visitors are engaged in drilling and training recruits, whether for home use or for exportation to the American market, the case is decidedly one for the special and immediate attention of the Irish Executive.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—THE POLISHED STONE AGE.

MR. LUBBOCK'S second lecture on "The Antiquity of Man" was delivered on the 30th of January. He commenced by remarking that the Ante-metallic Age is divided into two periods—the Drift, or Mammoth Period, and the later Stone Age. The latter was considered in this lecture. The evidence brought forward was derived from three principal sources—the tumuli, or ancient burial-places; the Pfahlbauten, or lake habitations of Switzerland; and the Kjökenmøddings, or refuse-mounds of Denmark. Some antiquaries have denied the existence of any true Stone Age, or at least have questioned the sufficiency of the evidence adduced to prove it. It has been supposed that the implements of stone were those of poor persons, while those of bronze belonged to the rich; and doubtless this is true to a great extent. All through the Bronze Age stone implements were used for many purposes, but there appears to be sufficient evidence of a period when bronze was unknown, and stone, wood, and bone were alone in use. First, however, we must describe the weapons of the Stone Age. They are formed chiefly of flint, which is extremely valuable to the savage on account of its hardness and the peculiar manner in which it breaks on being struck. It chips off in flakes, so that, with practice, it is possible to obtain almost any form that is desired. A blow on a flat surface of flint produces a conoidal fracture, which is propagated divergently downwards, detaching a conical mass. A blow on the angle of a more or less square flint produces a semiconoidal crack, which, after expanding a little, becomes flat, and may be propagated as far as ten inches, thus producing a blade-like flake with a triangular cross-section. To those who have examined flint-flakes, and tried to make them, a flake is as good an evidence of man's presence as the footprint in the sand. Flint axes are next in importance, and, like other implements of flint, the largest and most beautifully formed are found in Denmark. Stone hatchets, in many respects like the ancient ones, are used by the Australian savage in the present day. The other types of flint implements are arrow-heads, spear-heads, daggers, chisels, hollow-chisels, adzes, slingstones, &c.

Sepulchral mounds are numerous over all the world—so numerous that we may say the whole earth is studded with these ancient tumuli. They are mentioned in the earliest writings which have come down to us. Achan and his whole family were stoned with stones and burned with fire, after which Israel "raised over him a great heap of stones unto this day." In the same manner, the King of Ai was buried under a great heap of stones. According to Diodorus, Semiramis buried her husband within the precincts of the palace walls, under a great mound of earth. Some of the tumuli of Greece were old even in the time of Homer, and were considered by him to be the tombs of the heroes. Pausanias mentions that stones were collected together and heaped up over the tomb of Laius, and during the Trojan war Tydeus, Hector, Patroclus, and others are mentioned as having been buried in a similar manner.

Many of these tumuli may be said to be small museums of antiquity, and have proved most instructive. Some of the Stone Age tumuli in Northern Europe consist of large mounds, with a passage formed by blocks of stone, almost always opening to the south or east, never to the north, and leading into a central chamber in which the dead sat. This is exactly the arrangement of the huts in which the Esquimaux or Greenlanders pass the winter, and of the yurts of the Siberians. They also consist of a central chamber, with a small window to the east, and a southern passage. Round the central apartment the inmates sleep by night and sit at work by day, a thick plate of ice being used instead of glass. Professor Nilsson concludes from this that the graves were built after the pattern of the dwelling-houses, or that in some cases the very house in which the dead man had lived was converted into his grave. He says that some of the ancient tribes of the North, unable to imagine a future altogether different from the present, or a world quite unlike our own, showed their respect and affection for the dead by burying with them those things which in life they had valued most—with ladies, their ornaments; with warriors, their weapons. When a great man died, he was placed on his favourite seat, food and drink were arranged before him, his weapons were placed by his side, and the house was closed and the door covered up—sometimes, however, to be opened again when his wife or children joined him in the land of spirits.

In England this species of tumulus is rarer than in Scandinavia. Our burial mounds or "lowes" usually contain a small stone

chamber ("cist"), or a grave cut out in the natural surface of the ground. Sometimes the body was buried in a sitting posture, with the knees brought up under the chin, and the arms folded over the breast. Sometimes it was burnt, in which case the ashes were generally collected in or under a sepulchral urn. It has been supposed that the contents of the British tumuli indicate "a belief in a future state, and of some doctrine of probation and of final retribution." But the deposition "beside the dead, not only of weapons, implements, and personal ornaments," but even of "vessels which may be presumed to have contained food and drink," is not so constant as to justify this hypothesis. Thus, out of 297 interments described by Mr. Bateman, more than one-third were unaccompanied by any implements either of stone or metal. But it may be said that these poorly-furnished interments were those of poor persons, and it may therefore be well to consider the graves of the rich only. This we can easily do. We may be sure that tumuli, requiring as they did a considerable amount of labour, would only be erected over the rich and noble. Let us then consider only the primary interment in each tumulus. This reduces the number to 128; and if we take the ten principal classes of implements or pottery, we shall find that these 128 contained only about 250 objects, which is little more than on an average two apiece. On the whole, then, these sepulchral offerings can hardly be viewed as any evidence of a national religion or belief in a resurrection, but are to be regarded as simply the touching evidences of individual affection. It is, however, manifest that the objects most generally in use by the living would be likely to be most frequently buried with the dead; and when a sufficient number of the tumuli shall have been properly examined, we may fairly hope to know many of the most important facts respecting life in those ancient times. We shall know whether man had any other domestic animals than the dog; by the condition of his teeth, and by the bones found in the tumuli, we shall be able to ascertain the nature of his food; we shall find traces of his clothes; and finally, by the remains found with female skeletons, we shall even be able to ascertain in some measure the position which woman occupied with reference to man.

Passing on to the Pfahlbauten, Mr. Lubbock mentioned that their discovery was owing to the extraordinary coldness and drought of the winters of 1853 and 1854. Dr. Keller was the first to explain the true nature of the remains then brought to light, and to show that the dwellers on the Swiss lakes must have lived like the Pæonians described by Herodotus. Dr. Keller divides these dwellings into two kinds—the pfahlbauten and packwerkbauten; the first supported simply on piles, the latter on a mass of mud, stones, &c. In the large lakes they are always constructed on the "blanc fond"—that part of the lake, namely, which is nearest to the edge; but they are never found in water which is more than fifteen feet deep. The weapons, &c. which have dropped among the piles have lain there quite undisturbed, in consequence of the great stillness of the water at a little depth. Few of the piles project more than two feet from the bottom, their upper parts having been eaten away near the surface by the incessant ripple of the water. The lake villages date from very different periods. In some of them Roman coins and pottery are found, but many belong to the time when bronze was their principal metal. Speaking roundly, one half of the pfahlbauten belong to the Stone Age.

The remains contrast remarkably with those in the Danish shell-mounds, apparently indicating a far higher civilization. Bones of domestic animals, and the presence of grain and grain-crushers, argue a condition beyond that of mere hunters and fishermen. The Swiss stone axes were made of serpentine, and fixed into horn handles. The pottery found is rude and coarse, and that of the Stone Age is ornamented only with straight lines. The bones are very interesting, and belong chiefly to the stag, wild ox, and wild boar, indicating the dependence of the natives on the chase for their subsistence. They often bear the marks of knives, and are always split open for the sake of the marrow. Human bones are of the greatest rarity, and there is hardly a single skull found in the pfahlbauten which can with confidence be referred to the Stone Age. The urus is the only extinct animal of which the bones have been found in the lake villages; but several others, such as the stag, bear, beaver, and wolf, if not extinct in Switzerland, are at least extremely rare and local. The common mouse, our two rats, as well as the tame cat and the barn-door fowl, are, as might be expected, altogether absent. Domestic animals are represented by the dog, sheep, goat, pig, ox, and, in the later villages (if not in the earlier ones), the horse. As to the remains of oxen and pigs, a question might be raised whether they belonged to tame or wild specimens. Professor Rutimeyer thinks that it may be answered by the condition of the bones themselves, which in wild animals are of firmer and closer texture, and have an indescribable but very characteristic sculpturing of the external surface, produced by the sharper and more numerous impressions of vessels, and the greater roughness of the surfaces for the attachment of muscles. Agriculture is indicated, not only by the presence of corn-crushers, but also of grains of wheat and barley, which appear to have owed their preservation to their having been partially charred.

Mr. Lubbock next called the attention of the audience to a table showing the number of objects found, at the time of his visit to Switzerland, in six of the principal lake villages, in order to prove that the conclusions drawn from them rest, not on a few isolated and perhaps exceptional observations, but on a broad and satisfactory basis. The first four of these lake dwellings—viz. Wauwyl,

Moosseedorf, Pont de Thielle, and Wangen—had produced respectively 363, 1,319, 252, and 2,060 objects made of stone, horn, or bone, without a trace of metal. On the other hand, in the two last, at Morges and Nidau, though objects of stone are not so numerous, 210 and 1,482 bronze axes, knives, lances, sickles, fish-hooks, &c., have been respectively discovered. We can well understand that some villages may have been richer and more luxurious than others; but axes, sickles, and fish-hooks are objects of daily use and not of luxury. We can understand that distant parts of the same country may be in very different states of civilization, but Moosseedorf and Nidau are not more than twenty miles apart. Moreover, the presence of bronze is not the only evidence of progress which we find in the latter place. Corn-crushers, indicative of agriculture, and spindle-whorls are more numerous; the pottery is of finer material; and the remains of domestic animals are more abundant. It must, then, be admitted that a considerable body of evidence has been brought together, all of which appears to indicate that the lake dwellings at Moosseedorf and Wauwil were inhabited by a people who were entirely ignorant of metal.

The Danish *kjökkenmøddings* were at first supposed to be raised benches; but, as Professor Steenstrupp observed, they are entirely free from sand or gravel, and they contain only full-grown shells, belonging almost entirely to four species which dwell at different depths and are of different habits, but agree in having always served as food for man. Finally, from the discovery in them of fragments of pottery, indications of fires, and weapons certainly manufactured by man, it results clearly that the shell-mounds are not natural phenomena, but the signs of ancient human habitations. They are sometimes as much as 10 feet thick, and the largest are about 300 yards in length, and from 150 to 200 feet in breadth. They are always situated on what has evidently once been the sea-shore, and their present position seems to indicate an average rising of the land in Jutland of about 10 feet, so that in some cases they are now several miles from the sea. Many bones of birds and animals are found mixed up with the shells. Professor Steenstrupp estimates that, on an average, there are from ten to twelve bones in each cubic foot. In one summer 3,500 bones of mammalia were obtained, more than 200 of birds, and a great many of fishes. The most common species are the stag, the ox, and the wild boar; and remains have also been found of the urus, dog, fox, wolf, marten, otter, porpoise, seal, water rat, beaver, lynx, wild cat, hedgehog, bear, and the mouse. It will, therefore, be seen that a good deal is known respecting the food of these ancient tribes. Of domestic animals no trace has yet been found, with the single exception of the dog. Professor Steenstrupp has clearly shown that the *kjökkenmøddings* were no mere winter quarters, proving this from the condition of the bones and horns, which indicates within a very narrow space of time at what period of the year the animals to which they belonged were killed. The flint implements found in *kjökkenmøddings* may be classed as flakes, triangular axes, scrapers, and slingstones. No evidences of agriculture have as yet been discovered in them, and the pottery is rude and rare. Not a trace of any metallic implement exists, as far as we know at present. Professor Worsaae ascribes the *kjökkenmøddings* to an earlier age than that of the tumuli, on account of the comparative rudeness of the weapons found in them; but we must remember that the tumuli were the burial-places of chiefs, while the shell-mounds were the refuse heaps of fishermen. Moreover, some few, though very few, flint implements of better kinds have been found. Still, Mr. Lubbock expressed his surprise that more fragments of polished axes, &c., had not been discovered. At any rate, the absence of any indications of agriculture, of any domestic animal except the dog, and of any trace of metal, clearly shows that these *kjökkenmøddings* belong to the Stone Age. In fact, the ancient inhabitants of the Danish coasts seem to have lived very much like the Fuegians described by Mr. Darwin, who feed principally on shell-fish, have no domestic animal but the dog, and appear to be in all respects a disgrace to the human race. Other Southern tribes, indeed, may vie with them for the unenviable pre-eminence of being the most brutal and degraded of mankind; and if the geologist sees in the Australian marsupialia the last lingering representatives of families which have elsewhere been replaced by higher forms of mammalia, so also among the Australian savages the archaeologist finds implements and weapons, habits and customs, which in other and happier countries have long ago given way before the elevating influences of science and civilization.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH METAPHYSICS.*

M. TAINE, one of the few Frenchmen who make a careful study of England and the English, has republished a sketch of the philosophy of Mr. Mill which has many claims to notice. It possesses considerable merit of its own, and is doubly interesting because it gives an excellent illustration of the standing difference between the two great metaphysical schools which divide, and will continue to divide, those who think on such subjects, and which, whatever may be said to the contrary, exercise a real and weighty influence on nearly all the affairs and thoughts of men.

M. Taine enters upon his subject with a sort of quasi-Platonic air. He was at Oxford a year ago at the meeting of the British

Association, and passed an evening with one of the few students who were still there. They talked metaphysics all night, and walked out and admired the beauty of the town in the early dawn. M. Taine began by telling his friend, in language much more lively than reverential, how contemptible all things English, and especially English religion and philosophy, appeared to him. The student stood up for his nation, and declared that "Stuart Mill," better known in his own country as Mr. John Mill, was a great philosopher. M. Taine demands his system; the student describes it with a precision and neatness which he must have found very convenient when he went in for his class; and M. Taine passes the rest of the night in making his observations on the subject. Mr. Mill's warmest admirers will find nothing to complain of in the view taken of him by M. Taine. He has obviously studied his works with the care and attention which they deserve. His analysis of Mr. Mill's *Logic* is described by Mr. Mill himself, in a letter to the author, in deservedly complimentary language. "I do not think," he says, "it would be possible to give in a few pages a more exact and complete idea of the contents and philosophical doctrines of the book." There can be no question of the justice of this. Whoever wants to get the cream of Mr. Mill's theories expressed in the most easy and limpid French, and reduced into the compass of ninety small pages like those of a French novel, cannot do better than get M. Taine's *Étude*. It is beautifully written, and M. Taine's respect for the author on whom he comments is shown, not only by the pains which he has taken to understand and to make others understand him, but also by the strongest expressions of admiration. After describing the absence of all great men from the philosophical scene both in France and Germany, he says:—"Voici un maître qui s'avance et qui parle, on n'a rien vu de semblable depuis Hegel."

It would be a poor compliment to our readers to attempt to reproduce M. Taine's reproduction of Mr. Mill. His book on *Logic* is sufficiently familiar to everyone who in this country has any taste for philosophical inquiry to warrant the assumption that its general purport at least is well known to the readers of the present article. It is enough to say that M. Taine goes through the leading points of Mr. Mill's system. He describes his theory of definitions—the theory that a definition is the definition not of a thing, but of a word, and that the definition of a thing is never in fact anything else than a more or less imperfect description of it; the theory of proof—namely, that the syllogism is an argument from particulars to particulars, and not from the general to the particular; the theory of axioms—namely, that every axiom rests upon experience furnished by the senses or experiments performed by the imagination; the theory of induction, according to its four varieties; and lastly, the theory of deduction founded upon induction and verified by subsequent experience. The result of the whole, according to his view, is that Mr. Mill's philosophy ends in classifying all that we see around us under two heads. There are a vast number of combinations of things which may be classified and explained according to certain rules; and there are also a much smaller number of permanent elementary causes, of which, and of the reasons why they are what they are and not otherwise, we can give no account whatever:—

The sun, the earth, and planets, with their various constituents, air, water, and the other distinguishable substances, whether simple or compound, of which nature is made up, are such Permanent Causes. They have existed, and the effects or consequences which they were fitted to produce have taken place, from the very beginning of our experience, but we can give no account of the origin of the Permanent Causes themselves.

This appears to M. Taine to be equivalent to bringing us face to face with "an abyss of chance and an abyss of ignorance," and he proceeds to devote the rest of his *Étude* to a description of the devices which he has arranged for the purpose of avoiding the abyss. Either M. Taine is more fortunate in explaining the views of others than in explaining his own, or English ways of thought make it difficult for us to follow him; but to us, at all events, the second part of his essay is by no means so clear or satisfactory as the first. The English philosophy appears to him open to a fatal objection:—

There is in your idea of knowledge a flaw which, being incessantly added to itself, ends by forming this gulf of chance, from which, according to him (Mr. Mill), all things are born, and on the brink of which, according to him, our science must stop. And observe the consequence. By cutting off from science the knowledge of first causes—that is to say, of Divine things—you reduce men to becoming sceptical, positive, utilitarian if they are cool-headed, or, on the other hand, flighty, mystical, methodical, if they have a lively imagination. In this great unknown void which you place beyond our little world, people with heated brains or gloomy consciences can find a lodging for all their dreams, while men of cool judgment, despairing of reaching any result, can only fall back on the search for small practical recipes for the improvement of our condition. I think that generally both tempers meet in an English head. The religious and the positive spirit live side by side and separate.

The theoretical fault which leads to this sad practical result is, according to M. Taine, to be found in our, and especially in Mr. Mill's, neglect of abstraction. Abstraction he describes first as "a faculty, other than reason or experience, proper to discover causes." He next describes it as "an intermediate operation, situated between illumination and observation, capable of arriving at principles, as illumination is said to do, and capable of arriving at truths, as observation is shown to do." Abstraction so understood is explained at some length, and appears to be a faculty or operation (for M. Taine wavers between the two), the object of which is to discover what Abélard called the *universa in re*. The uni-

* *Le Positivisme Anglais. Étude sur Stuart Mill.* Par H. Taine. Paris. 1864.

vera in re are not expressly mentioned, as M. Taine prefers to use his own language. He says, however, that all facts, if properly examined, will be found to contain a permanent and general as well as a special individual element, apart from "facts and laws, that is, events and their relations." It is the province of abstraction to extract this general element from the facts submitted to it:—

A magnificent faculty appears, the source of language, the interpreter of nature, the mother of religions and philosophies, the only true distinction which, according to its degree, separates men from brutes, and great men from small ones; this is abstraction, the power of isolating the elements of facts, and considering them apart.

If this faculty is properly exercised, it will give new theories on all the principal points to which Mr. Mill's work relates. For instance, the definition of things becomes possible, as abstraction enables us to detect "the proposition which denotes that quality in an object from which the rest are derived, and which is not itself derived from any other." Thus the definition of a sphere is, that it is the solid formed by the revolution of a semicircle on its chord, and this differs from other qualities by which the figure might equally well be distinguished from all others—as that it is the figure which fills a maximum of space—by the fact that from this quality all others may be inferred deductively. So, too, abstraction gives a new theory of the syllogism, which is no longer to be considered either as an argument from generals to particulars, or from particulars to particulars, but as an argument from the abstract to the concrete. You get by abstraction the "abstract law" and apply it to the particular case. The same is true in the same way, and for the same or similar reasons, of axioms. They are not, as Mr. Mill teaches, mere generalizations from experience. An axiom may be arrived at by abstraction, and when so discovered is seen to be universally true. Lastly, induction, which is the weaving together of definitions, syllogisms, &c., is rendered possible by abstraction, and is, in a sense, the triumph and ultimate perfection of it. Having thus got definitions, axioms, a theory of proof, and all other necessary apparatus, we may begin to soar; and though we may think the Germans wrong and exaggerated in believing that they can evolve the world as it is out of their innate perceptions of things, still, by the help of abstraction, a certain number of general conclusions may be reached which are absolutely true, and serve as a secure foundation for morality and religion and all the great functions of human life.

We are not quite sure that we have done justice to M. Taine, as his line of thought is not altogether easy to follow, at least for an Englishman; but his general conclusion in his own words cannot well do him injustice. It is exquisitely characteristic of him and his nation:—

I think that these two great operations—experience as you (the friendly student) have described it, and abstraction as I have tried to define it—make up between them all the resources of the human mind. The one is the practical, the other the speculative direction. The first leads us to consider nature as an assemblage of facts; the second as a system of laws. The first, employed alone, is English; the second, employed alone, is German. If there is a place between the two nations, it is ours. We enlarged English ideas in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth we can define German ideas. Our business is to temper, to correct, to complete the two minds by each other, to melt them into one, to express them in a style generally intelligible, and so to make them the universal mind.

The English and Germans find the meat, and the French send the cooks. We have not the least objection. It is a pleasure to find how neatly and simply the world turns out to be made when an ingenious Frenchman like M. Taine takes the subject in hand.

As to the dogmatic part of M. Taine's book, we cannot pretend to discuss it. There are people who will like it, and there is no harm in liking it, but to an unwilling hearer it is not very convincing. If, as M. Taine admits, abstraction is founded on experience, it is difficult to understand how it can possibly rise above it. You can of course direct your attention, if you please, to part only of a given phenomenon, and find out what the relations of that part are to other parts; but when you have done so to any extent, and have combined your observations with any conceivable degree of skill and industry, you can no more free yourself from experience than you can jump off your own shadow, and the task of scaling heaven is as far from being performed as ever. It would be as idle to attempt to controvert as to attempt to convert M. Taine by argument on such a subject. A man learned in all the learning of all the metaphysicians once observed that, after people had lived a certain time in the world, longer or shorter, as it might be, they found out whether they were realists or nominalists (or he might have added conceptualists), and that then they went on quietly in their several paths. There is a great deal of truth in this, but not quite as much truth as there might be, and M. Taine's *Etude* affords a good opportunity of pointing out the degree in which it falls short of the truth.

If we take a practical view of metaphysical controversy, it will appear that the extraordinary vitality of the interest which attaches to it must be due to some adequate cause; and that there is such a cause is obvious enough when the matter is fairly considered. The controversy may appear idle, and even merely verbal, but this is not the case. It is directed to the attack and defence of one central position, the one matter about which metaphysical disputants are really in earnest. This is the question whether there are or are not any verbal propositions whatever which are exempt from criticism, which are implied in and by all argument, and of which the truth is a first principle whence all other subordinate truths may be derived and to which they must conform. If such propositions could be shown

to exist, and if a general consent about them could be obtained, it is considered that there would be an end to all the controversies which are felt to be of real importance to human happiness. People suppose that by laying down such principles they would be able to set religion, and morality in all its branches, including politics and jurisprudence, on a perfectly stable foundation; and they are rather inclined to think that, in the absence of such principles, these subjects, which are after all the great objects of human interest, must always be involved in a sufficient degree of uncertainty to affect seriously the security and confidence with which all our most important affairs are conducted. This is the great, and indeed the only, reason which invests metaphysical discussions with real interest. This view of the matter not merely explains and defines the department of metaphysical inquiry, but enables those who do not pretend to any special skill in its mysteries to form a plausible opinion as to the course which it is taking. General experience enables us to form an opinion on the question whether there are any propositions which are more certain than the evidence by which they are supported, and which may be taken to be not merely the results of experience and generalizations from it, but propositions of which the truth may be affirmed antecedently to all evidence whatever, and which are therefore the masters and arbiters of all our speculations. It is obvious enough that all mathematical propositions, which are usually put forward as the strongest illustrations of absolute truth, may be affirmed (to say the least) on merely experimental grounds, with as high a degree of certainty for all practical purposes as if they were directly perceived by some mysterious intuitive faculty. At the highest they prove nothing either way. The real strength of the experimental view of knowledge lies rather in the experience of mankind as to all those subjects which most interest their happiness and most nearly affect their conduct. Let any one watch the course of thought upon any of the great subjects of human interest—upon religion, morals, politics, jurisprudence in its wider or even in its narrower applications—and, go where he will, he will discover that every received maxim is in fact open to criticism, is actually modified, is liable to be refuted, is judged of by the evidence which can be adduced in support of it, is dealt with, in a word, as such writers as Mr. Mill say all human thought must be dealt with. In law, the whole theory of natural rights, the laws of nature, self-evident maxims of justice, and the like, are exploded. Try to argue accurately by the use of them, bring them to the crucial test, their power of solving real questions, and they are perfectly useless. Use the word "rights" as the leading English jurists have used it, and it is possible to talk to some purpose on the subject—to start from some premisses and arrive at some conclusion. Use it as it is used in such a phrase as the "rights of man," and it immediately becomes altogether unmeaning. It is the same in all other moral subjects. In theology men can talk pertinently and come to conclusions of more or less value as to the relations between this world and the next, between man and his Maker, so long as they confine themselves either to drawing inferences from the facts which the world around them—the world of matter and the world of feeling—presents to their observation, or to the investigation of specific revelations made or said to be made by persons claiming supernatural knowledge; but when they begin to lay down theological propositions as first truths, every man differs as to what that first truth is. Theodore Parker looked long and earnestly into his own soul, and discovered there a number of self-evident truths which an immense proportion of the world believe not to be true at all, and which many others believe to be at best no more than probabilities. There is only one subject relating to human conduct which has attained anything approaching to the character of a science. This is political economy, and it is scientific only because, and in so far as, those who profess it have followed the course which Mr. Mill traces out in his *Logic*. By experiment and observation you arrive at certain facts relating to human nature, and having arrived at them it is possible to argue deductively from them, and to verify that deduction by comparison with the facts. If, therefore, the two great metaphysical schools are rightly distinguished by the test of affirming or denying the existence of authoritative propositions which are not the result but the source of specific knowledge, it would appear that the victory rests with the school which denies. If such propositions exist, no one has ever yet discovered them. There is no proposition which can with perfect confidence be affirmed to be true and which cannot be shown to be capable of being proved, or shown to be highly probable, *a posteriori*. All the real knowledge which we possess has been as it were conquered from *a priori* reasoners, and translated into the language of experience and argument from experience.

A priori reasoning, when closely examined, appears to be nothing more than conjecture in plain clothes. A man is firmly impressed with the evils of putting people in prison in an arbitrary way, and forthwith passionately asserts that every one has a natural inalienable right to liberty; and this he does before any specification to his own mind of the meaning which he attaches either to liberty, or to right, or to nature. Having a passionate belief in a future state, and a passionate desire that there may be another life, he affirms that he has an instinctive transcendental certainty of it which no evidence could affect; and not only so, but that to have such a certainty is the characteristic of the whole human race, every member of which, *qua* human, is equally well assured of it. Having turned his attention to mathematics, he affirms that he has a perception altogether independent of experience of the fact that two straight lines cannot inclose a space. Examined closely, all

these assertions are conjectures. They are vehement assertions that a particular state of things does and must and shall exist, because those who make the assertions, and perhaps others, are firmly persuaded that it does exist. This is only conjecture at its best estate. Inasmuch, however, as such conjectures have constantly been framed by men of genius, and are almost always suggested by something which really does exist, they have probably done, and will continue to do, much more good than harm. They exercise a wonderful power over the imagination, and they lead people to hold a vast number of extremely useful and nearly true opinions which they never would have held if they had had to confine themselves to the step-by-step method of *a posteriori* investigation.

Part of M. Taine's estimate of Mr. Mill appears to us not altogether just. He ascribes to the treatise on Logic a wider scope than it really has. Its object is by no means to lay down a complete system of metaphysics and philosophy, but to describe the proper mode of reasoning. Of course there can be no doubt as to the nominalist tendency of the book. It is a book which no one could have written who believed in any *a priori* road to knowledge; but M. Taine carries it further than it goes when he says that it lands us in, or rather launches us upon, an abyss of chance and ignorance. There is nothing in Mr. Mill's theories which is inconsistent with religious belief, though there is much that is inconsistent with *a priori* proofs of theological doctrines. The notion that there is any sincerity at all in the official and established religion of this country strikes M. Taine as so comical that he perhaps would have some difficulty in seeing that there may be such a thing as a system of sincere religion, capable of exercising a powerful influence over the conduct and feelings of mankind, although it rests only on grounds which the strictest application of the system he describes would consider legitimate. He seems to have a momentary glimpse of this in a passage which we have already quoted, where he says that English heads are apt to lodge the coldest philosophy and the hottest fanaticism side by side, and that the "abyss of chance and ignorance" may be peopled at will with chimeras. He forgets that it may also be peopled with beings suggested to exist by the facts which we see around us, though their non-existence is not disproved, and that there is not only no reason why such a proceeding should not take place, but the strongest possible reason why it should. There is a remarkable chapter in Butler's *Analogy* to the effect that an admission that religion is probable does not, for practical purposes, differ much from a conviction that it is true; and it cannot be doubted that the probability of the truth of the great doctrines of natural, to say nothing of revealed, religion may be shown by forms of argument recognised by Mr. Mill.

There is one point in which M. Taine has the advantage of many English writers—some of them eminent men. He has discovered the fallacy of the common notion that the English are an illogical or unphilosophical nation. The following passage, which he puts into the mouth of his Oxford friend (who is more fairly treated than *εὐσεβὴς πρόσωπον* in general, for he gets half the talking), is very sound doctrine, and for once does justice to the much-abused intellect of this country:—

I venture to assert that the theory which you have just heard is perfect. I have abridged it, but you have heard enough to see that nowhere has induction been so completely and precisely explained, with such an abundance of fine and just distinctions, with such extended and exact applications, with such knowledge of processes and discoveries, with a more entire exclusion of *a priori* principles and metaphysical suppositions, in a temper more in conformity with the rigorous processes of modern experience. You asked me just now what we had done in philosophy; I answer, the theory of induction. Mill is the last of a great descent, commencing with Bacon and continued to us by Hobbes, Newton, Locke, Hume, Herschel. They have carried into philosophy our national character; they have been positive and practical; they have not soared above facts; they have not tried extraordinary roads; they have purged the human brain of its illusions and ambitious fancies. They have employed it on the only side where it can act; they have wished to plant barriers and lights on the road already opened by fruitful sciences. They have not chosen to spend their labour in vain out of the explored and verified road. They have aided the great modern work, the discovery of appropriate laws; they have contributed like students of special subjects to increase the power of man. Find me other philosophies which have done as much.

This is perfectly true, and it is an instructive commentary on a great deal of denunciation levelled at the English mind on both sides of the Channel. Almost all that is said against us resolves itself into the one charge that the English people, as a rule, and especially their most influential writers, are averse to *a priori* speculation, because they believe *a posteriori* inquiry to be the true method of acquiring knowledge. Persons who hold that view would say that English logic differs from that of other countries in the fact that those who profess it prefer true premises to premises which are merely symmetrical. At all events, before we are described as low and sordid for this, it ought to be shown that we are wrong; and the way to do this is for some one else to set us right by producing an *a priori* theory on some important subject which will stand the test of being reduced to practice.

MR. AND MRS. FAULCONBRIDGE.*

WHETHER it is worth while to write a novel like this, and whether, when written, it is worth while to criticize it, are two questions which theoretically are full of difficulty, but which practically receive a solution from the fact that the novel and the criticism are written. A better or a worse novel may

easily be defended. If a novelist has real power or real novelty, or any thing really good of any sort, his book is its own justification. And a bad novel may at least be supposed to be due to the honest wish to make money or fill up leisure hours. But in novels like *Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge* there is no great ability, yet there are many qualities displayed which do not fall to the common lot of writers. There is an easy if inaccurate style, a certain power of observation, a considerable knowledge of people in a particular class of life, and a conception of characters that are not common and yet not improbable. As compared with good writing, all is thin and meaningless; but as compared with bad, it is graceful, pleasant, and not uninteresting. Few occupations would seem more wearisome and repulsive than that of booking imaginary conversations such as fill up a great part of this tale—conversations which reflect with tolerable accuracy the pettiness, the dulness, and the small wit of society, but which never rise into the regions of wit or of brilliancy, and of which all that can be said is, that they are like what they pretend to be, and represent very fairly the ordinary talk of ordinary people in country houses. Still, if any one likes to write out such conversations, and can make them true to life, it may be an innocent and in its way even an agreeable task. Nor are there wanting merits in *Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge* which, in conjunction with this accurate photographing of social babble, make the book readable. The plot is a hazardous one, and escapes from the region of impropriety, where it has long dwelt, by an ending of very improper propriety; but still it is not hackneyed, and the reader, although he will probably guess the solution throughout, is not likely to feel sure that his guess is right. There are characters too in the story which are well drawn, and those on which our interest is chiefly concentrated are marked and distinct. There is also one special pleasure which the attentive reader may derive from the perusal of the book, if he will take the trouble. He may strive to collect evidences showing whether this novel was written by a man or a woman. It is said, we believe, that, in point of fact, the author is a man. But *tant pis pour les faits*. External evidence may point one way, and internal evidence may point another. That the internal evidence in this case points all in one way it would be rash to assert. But the heads of internal proof indicating the presence of a woman's pen are numerous. There is a love of detail in the description of dress, an admiration of beautiful hair, a particularity about the portraiture of bedroom furniture, and other traits of the kind which seem to tell of a lady. There is too, occasionally, an example of what may without offence be termed lady's grammar; and the most feminine touch of all is perhaps the introduction of a sentimental diary supposed to be kept by a middle-aged barrister, in which the feelings of his tough heart are recorded, and in which he puts down at full length the reasons of his jealousy of a younger man. A middle-aged lady might suppose that what she would do herself a gentleman of her own standing would do, but the number of barristers of forty who sit down seriously every evening to put on paper an analysis of their erotic sentiments must in real life be surprisingly small.

The author inserts a notice at the beginning to entreat his critics not to divulge the secret on which the plot turns. We will therefore say no more than that Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge are a young couple whom poverty has induced to resolve on turning to the stage as a profession. But before they have acted in public, they receive an invitation to a large country-house where some theatricals are being got up, and where some professional assistance is wanted—an actor to direct the amateurs and an actress to play the part of the heroine. The country-house belongs to Sir Richard Stourton, who has been very gay in his youth, and is now a pompous, wicked old magnate. His nephew and heir, George, gets up the theatricals, and as he is very amiable, and very good, and very handsome, and such a capital match, every one does exactly what he likes. The honours of the establishment are done by a niece of Sir Richard's, a widow, who is thirty-four, and has a heart alive to passion, and is very noble and disinterested. Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge arrive, and very soon George Houston falls deeply in love with Mrs. Faulconbridge, while Lady Trevelyan has more than the amiability of a hostess for Mr. Faulconbridge. George Stourton's flame burns more and more brightly for Mrs. Faulconbridge, and at last he runs off with her, while Faulconbridge throws himself at the feet of Lady Trevelyan. And yet everything turns out to be quite proper; and how this can be is the riddle which any one who wishes to solve must read the book itself. George Stourton and Mrs. Faulconbridge are merely offered as handsome, good-humoured people, with a sincere affection and admiration for each other; but Faulconbridge and Lady Trevelyan aim at a higher flight. The worst of the book is that the development of Faulconbridge's character and the explanation of his goings-on require a vast amount of back history to be brought in. So that the thread of the story is frequently interrupted by the intrusion of dreary episodes chiefly about Faulconbridge's grandmother. This is a great bar to the pleasure of reading a story, more especially where, as here, the longest and dreariest episode is inserted just at the end of the story, when we are prepared for the final winding up, and are scarcely strong enough to encounter the contents of a "faded manuscript written in a fair Italian hand," which is in fact the personal composition of the hero's deceased relative. Nor are the facetious episodes always more successful than the heavy ones. One whole chapter turns on the joke of a lady making tea in the dusk of twilight with the contents of a snuff-box instead of with those

* *Mr. and Mrs. Faulconbridge*. By Hamilton Aidé. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

of a tea-caddy, and a chapter could scarcely turn on a slighter joke than this.

A large party is collected at Sir Richard's, and the best part of the book perhaps is the portraiture of these secondary characters. There are a Mr. and Mrs. Bailey—she the flirt of the circle, he nothing but Mrs. Bailey's husband. All the ladies, of course, except Lady Trevelyan and one useful gushing old maid, combine against Mrs. Faulconbridge and run her down. Her conduct calls forth many moral remarks, extending over a considerable space, from Lady Trevelyan, and a perpetual series of condemnatory insinuations from the other ladies. But, as they do not know the great secret which is to rehabilitate every one's reputation at the end, there is not much to be wondered at in the latitude of criticism which they allow themselves. Mrs. Bailey, especially, being naughty, a flirt, and angry that Mrs. Faulconbridge should engross the attention of so popular a young man as George Stourton, is more particularly merciless, and soon finds out that the air of simple innocence which the young actress wears is only the perfection of her art and is assumed altogether as a blind. Perhaps, however, the best sketch among the minor characters is that of a Mr. Carton, "a snob of the first water, who is invited from house to house because he is such a brilliant talker, and is supposed—upon his own authority—to have some mysterious connexion with Government." We are not so fortunate as to be told any of the stories which this gentleman is described as excelling in bringing in at all cost into general conversation, nor is there anything in what he says that is the least brilliant. But there is some fun in the way in which he is represented as always trying to lead the talk of the party, and in which his attempts are continually baffled, as also in the pointless reminiscences which always afford him something to say which he thinks apposite. Perhaps a specimen of the small talk that went on at Stourton Towers may give a good notion of the lighter parts of the novel; and we will choose an extract from a chapter which is all small talk, and is headed "Persiflage," and where, therefore, all these minor people may be supposed to be prattling their best. It must be premised that the Lady Katherine spoken of has just succeeded in avoiding the lot of old maidism by forcing a very foolish dandy to speak out, and that Mrs. Bailey has had a fall from her horse:—

There was a pause. It was broken by the benevolent Lady Granfield. "The glass has risen, I declare!" she remarked, tapping the aneroid that hung near her. The effort to divert the current of conversation was praiseworthy, but almost too palpable.

"Why it has been fine for the last two hours, Lady Granfield!" exclaimed Mrs. Bailey; "fine enough to allow of Lady Katherine's dragging that poor wretched man all among the dripping shrubberies, by way of looking sentimental. Sentiment in gossamer!"

"Why not?" asked Lady Trevelyan. "I was not aware that sentiment depended on the sort of shoes one wore."

"As long as Love has put his foot in it, eh? He! he! he! He's always got his foot in it, always!" and this jest afforded Mr. Carton such satisfaction that he at once regained his equilibrium.

"Poor dear Lady Katherine!" sighed Mrs. Bailey. "It really is such a relief to think she is going to be settled at last. One has got so tired of seeing her, season after season, making such desperate efforts, all to no purpose, and getting more hard and angular every year, poor dear!"

"She had kept herself rather too long in racing condition," said Carton. "She'll fatten up, now that she is turned out to grass, and has an easy life of it. She has entered for too many stakes every season, and that doesn't pay. Here she had all the running to herself, and so she won in a canter."

"Good gracious, Mr. Carton!" laughed Mrs. Bailey. "You must have been studying *Bell's Life*; I shouldn't have expected all the phraseology of the turf from you."

"Thorough-bred," said good old Lady Granfield, smiling over her spectacles. She really thought she was perpetrating a joke. "Katherine is thorough-bred: that's it."

"Yes. It's plebeian to have flesh on one's bones, I believe," tittered Mrs. Bailey. "You and I, Lady Trevelyan, should have no chance in a race against Lady Katherine. We don't show breeding as she does—by our bones."

"Racing was never much in my line," replied the other, with a quiet smile; and now I am much too old to think of running any sort of race."

"And you, Mrs. Bailey," said the gallant Carton, laying a skinny hand on his waistcoat, some inches above the left-hand pocket; "and you, Mrs. Bailey—ha! we see it all now! You, knowing you would be victorious in every race, have magnanimously scratched yourself."

"Turf phraseology again, Mr. Carton," laughed the little lady.

FREDERICK DE GINGINS.*

THIS is a sketch of the life, or rather of the literary labours, of a remarkable man who is probably very little known out of his own country. The Baron Frederick de Gingins was a scholar who devoted more than thirty years to the study of the history and antiquities of the Kingdom of Burgundy. Now, as it is generally very hard to persuade Englishmen that there ever was a Kingdom of Burgundy, this way of spending a life may to some people seem a very strange one. To a Vandois patrician, if he gave himself to historical study at all, the subject would seem natural enough. The Canton of Vaud is politically Swiss, and, as a Swiss Canton, it is one of the freest and most prosperous parts of Europe. But its freedom is of recent date, and its connexion with Switzerland is not very ancient, and, till the present century, it was a connexion anything but agreeable. A Vandois patriot, looking to his present duties and interests, ought to have every feeling as thoroughly Swiss as if he were born in Uri. But a Vandois scholar, giving himself up to the history of his own country, will not find Switzerland to be his historical country. He finds his own immediate district in one

age a dependency of Bern, and in another a dependency of Savoy. If, like the German in the song, he sets out in search of a Fatherland, he will light on none to satisfy him till he comes to the old Burgundian Kingdom, the land between the Saone, the Alps, and the Mediterranean. No Kingdom in Europe so soon lost its unity, of none has the name so completely passed out of memory. To work up its history, to trace out the fates of the many small commonwealths and principalities into which it split, to follow the various tracks from the days of the old Conrads and Rudolfs to the century which has witnessed the liberation of Vaud and the degradation of Savoy, was the most appropriate task that could be chosen by an historical student who was also the representative of an old Burgundian house. "Pro Re Burgunda" was the motto which De Gingins chose for his historical labours; to Burgundian history he gave himself up for thirty-three years, pouring forth a constant series of books and papers bearing on the subject. Once only does he seem to have outstepped his self-chosen limit—namely, when he contributed to the collection called *Archiv für Schweizerische Geschichte* an essay on the constitutional and social antiquities of Uri.

Frederick de Gingins was born in 1790, of a noble family in Vaud which also possessed the citizenship of Bern. Intended for a military career, his prospects were cut short when he was sixteen by his becoming, as it would seem, totally deaf. Great as this privation must have been, it is said to have been lessened by an unusual power of interpreting the countenance, and a faculty of reading, as it were, men's words on their mouths, knowing what was said by the motion of the lips, so that he could not only enter into conversation, but even—so we are told—follow a professor's lecture or the acting of a play. He tried more than one occupation at different periods. He was placed at one time, very much against his will, in a commercial house at Paris; at another he lived at Bern, holding the post of official French translator to the Bernese Government. Neither of these callings seems to have suited him at all. Between the two, in 1814-5, he had the opportunity of a little voluntary soldiery, which seems to have been more to his taste and in which he reaped some credit. In 1828 he left Bern and his public duties. His father had lately come into an inheritance which relieved him from the need of any professional or official cares. On his marriage in 1830, his father gave up to him the ancient castle of La Sarra, the ancient dwelling-place of the family, and often mentioned in the history of the province. This seems to have alternated with a villa near Lausanne as his dwelling-place for the rest of his days. Till his death in February last year, he lived the happy life of a literary country gentleman, devoting himself to the study of the history of Burgundy, and helping to preserve the remaining antiquities of the country by the careful restoration of his own ancestral castle.

It seems to have been only on his settlement at La Sarra that M. de Gingins seriously betook himself to the study of history. His first scientific turn was towards botany, to which he gave much attention during his official sojourn at Bern, and also during the interval between his resignation and his marriage, which was spent mainly at Geneva. His first publications were on botanical subjects, but he seems to have given up the study soon after the establishment at La Sarra. His biographer gives two reasons for this—a weakness of the eyes (which however does not seem to have at all hindered him from poring over Burgundian documents), and disappointment at finding that some of his researches had been forestalled by an English botanist. He took to a safer subject; no Englishman was likely to forestall his researches into the history of the Kingdom of Burgundy.

De Gingins, then, was one who began his serious studies late in life; he must have been forty when he chose history for his special calling. Even his friendly biographer does not deny that this told in some measure disadvantageously upon his works. At that age the judgment is far stronger than it is twenty years earlier, but the mere power of learning and remembering is, in most men, weaker. And many of the habits most necessary in an historical thinker and writer can hardly be acquired in their fullness except by practice in early life. M. Hisely seems to admit as the faults of his friend just those which we should expect under such circumstances—a certain contempt of criticism and a certain deficiency in minute scholarship. Here is his literary character, as drawn by M. Hisely:—

Homme d'un vaste savoir, doué d'une mémoire peu commune, d'une grande facilité à vaincre les obstacles, d'une perspicacité rare, d'une aptitude singulière à tout voir de haut, Frédéric de Gingins a considérablement étendu la connaissance de l'histoire des contrées qui faisaient l'objet de ses recherches assidues. Les savants ont reconnu dans ses travaux une méthode sévère et scientifique, une érudition lumineuse, un remarquable talent d'exposition, une manière ample, magistrale de traiter l'histoire. Il ambitionnait leur suffrage, mais accueillait froidement leurs observations. Chaque homme a son faible; M. de Gingins, qu'on nous permette de le dire, ne faisait pas exception à la règle. Sensible à l'éloge autant que peut l'être un homme qui a la conscience de son mérite, il était, à l'endroit de la critique, d'une susceptibilité qui l'exposait à être mal jugé de ceux qui ne le voyaient que de loin. Privé de l'ouïe, il n'avait pu recevoir dans sa jeunesse cette instruction régulière et forte qui se donne dans les écoles et dans les universités, ces connaissances classiques qui fortifient les dons de l'esprit. Il avait commencé tard à se livrer aux recherches d'érudition. Aussi ne paraît-il que plus extraordinaire dans ses ouvrages. En plus d'une rencontre, on peut le croire, l'intuition l'a bien servi. Cependant, il a pu se méprendre sur le sens d'un passage, soumettre un fait à une hypothèse, s'appuyer sur une conjecture peu probable, sur une fausse étymologie. Son esprit hardi était trop enclin peut-être à faire des combinaisons que les textes ne semblaient pas toujours autoriser. M. de Gingins ne revenait pas sur ses propres allégations pour donner raison à ses critiques. Rarement il rompait une lance. Il poursuivait sa tâche avec un calme imperturbable.

* *Frédéric de Gingins-la-Sarra. Notice Biographique* par J. J. Hisely. Lausanne: Bridel. 1863.

The nature of the peculiar studies to which De Gingins devoted himself will hardly find any parallel within the ordinary compass of an English scholar's pursuits. With us the gap between a national historian and a local antiquary is exceedingly wide. A man who thinks himself capable of writing the history of a kingdom will seldom stoop to write the history of a county. The history of a county with us either consists of those particular events in the history of the nation which happened to take place within the limits of the county, or else it consists of matters so purely local that the general historian is tempted to despise them more than he ought to do. In Switzerland, Burgundy, or any country which was early cut up into small independent States, the case is quite different. There the functions of the general and the local historian coincide. The history of a town, a lordship, a bishopric, which in England is a purely local and municipal history, is in those countries the history of a separate State, with its own dynasties, its own constitutional struggles, its own wars, and its own revolutions. To deal with the history of such a State, however small, requires an historian and not a mere topographer. Rightly dealt with, the history of a small State can give as much political instruction as the history of a large one, and to deride such studies as those of De Gingins as being in themselves small studies is indeed very shallow and silly. But it is certain that they do not connect themselves in the same direct way as the history of larger States with the general march of human events. The forgotten history of Burgundy is of practical importance, because it is necessary in order to expose many of the fictions of French imperitence. It was no more in the eternal fitness of things that the Kingdom of Paris should extend itself to the Alps than that the Kingdom of Arles should extend itself to the Ocean. Circumstances favoured one process and hindered the other; that is all. Therefore a man who gropes among the "Hugonides" and the "Bosonides" by no means loses his time. Still his researches do not bear upon the general history of the world in the same way as those of an historian of England or France. It is seldom, for instance, that the researches of M. de Gingins touch upon matters in which the world in general is interested. There is one very important exception—namely, where his local knowledge and local feelings led him to investigate the history of the great war between Charles the Bold and the Swiss Confederation, the war ennobled by the famous fights of Granson, Morat, and Nancy, and whose final results led to consequences so important to all Europe. It is well that De Gingins' papers on this subject are to be found in a more accessible form than most of his writings. Of the fifty publications reckoned up by his biographer, by far the greater number lie practically hidden in the transactions of Swiss learned Societies or in the pages of local reviews; but his essays on the war of Burgundy were fortunately reprinted by the French translator of Johannes von Müller as an Appendix to the seventh and eighth volumes of his great History of Switzerland. Here, then, is De Gingins' best chance, and probably his best claim, to be known to the world in general.

These papers are worthy of careful study, as their author strongly attacks, and, in a great measure, successfully attacks, the ordinary view of the Burgundian war, as set forth by Müller with all his usual power and eloquence. In popular Swiss belief, and in popular European belief, Granson and Morat are names almost as glorious as Sempach and Morgarten. In all popular accounts we always get the Swiss side of the story; M. de Gingins sets before us the Burgundian side. At first sight one is amazed at this in a writer who is himself a Swiss; but De Gingins, however much he may be a Swiss of the nineteenth century, is, when carried back into the fifteenth, Swiss no longer. Charles is to him not a foreign invader, but, if not an actual King of Burgundy like Boso or Rudolf, yet Duke of a Duchy which kept the Burgundian name and which had been part of the oldest Burgundy of all. His own country was the main scene of action, and was throughout dealt with by the Confederates as a hostile land. His own ancestors and his own castle figure in the history, and that not at all as Swiss, but as Savoyard—as Burgundian in the elder sense, and as allies of the sovereign of Burgundy in the new sense. All his sympathies then are enlisted not for the Confederation but for Duke Charles. Thus, though there is no doubt that De Gingins grapples very successfully with Müller on many points, yet we must be as much on our guard against his prepossession for one side as against Müller's prepossession for the other side. Looking at the matter impartially, we should take a view somewhere between the two. The Swiss of the extended Confederation of the end of the fifteenth century were not like the old Swiss of the beginning of the fourteenth. They had sunk more nearly to the level of other people. They had appeared in the great world, and they had been corrupted by appearing there. They had shown that they were not superior to those frailties of human nature which are common alike to monarchies and to republics. But we cannot go further. If the war with Charles was not a war of pure heroism, still we cannot look upon it, with De Gingins, as a war of pure brigandage. It had about as much to be said for and against it as most other wars. An honest man might support it, and an honest man might oppose it. And, in the morality of those times, a man was not necessarily dishonest because he took King Louis' money. Altogether, the worst that can be said of the Swiss at this time is that they did not show themselves so much better than their neighbours as they ought to have done. But those who expect the Swiss to show themselves so much better than their neighbours do thereby pay

an implied compliment to the Swiss and their form of government which perhaps they do not always intend.

The essays on the Burgundian war are the most generally important of De Gingins' publications; the others are mainly of local or special interest. But it was a well-spent life when a man so vigorously and earnestly gave himself up to serious study to his last days. Death, in his seventy-third year, still found Frederick de Gingins, with his faculties all perfect, studying and writing on Burgundian history. The life of such a man is a warning for those who, having laid the foundation of sound learning, neglect to build on it any kind of superstructure.

SPORT IN NORWAY.*

THIS book so nearly contains all the requisites for a sportsman's hand-book that the author should have incorporated with it the work of Mr. Bennett, to which it refers, and made it one completely. A good map of the country might have superseded with advantage an alphabetical list of the names of the rivers and a picture of a man deliberately taking aim at the wrong end of a deer, whose fore-legs are in an unaccountably devotional attitude; while a little information about the ways and means of travelling, and whatever objects of general interest may be found up and down the country, would have completed its utility in this respect. The botanical rambles on the Dovre Fjeld, contributed to the volume by the late Professor Blytt, are a sample of exactly the thing that is wanted. The Professor sensibly prints in italics the stations where good quarters are to be had, suggests a few routes for botanical tourists, and does his work excellently. He adds also a good chapter on the flora and ferns of Norway, which has already appeared in the columns of the *Field* newspaper, but which is quite worth preserving in a more durable and portable shape. Mr. Barnard's description of the seventeen or eighteen Ampts (Provinces) into which Norway is divided is good as far as it goes, and usefully indicates the chief fisheries which are still open, many of them being strictly preserved, and not a few let on lease or for the season to English tenants. He forewarns the intending traveller that there is shooting and fishing enough for a sportsman, but not for a mere shooter—that if he means to bring down a rein-deer or an elk he must give his whole mind and time to it, and no inconsiderable amount of labour, and be prepared for a very fair amount of "roughing it." The requisite baggage consists of a box (not portmanteau) with waterproof cover, and straps to fasten it to the carriage of the country; a leather carpet-bag (opening on the side and waterproof), and a knapsack; a long waterproof coat, fishing boots, a sou'-wester, and a brown-holland over-all, to keep out the dust; with a large cotton umbrella, and a full supply of warm clothing. For sporting apparatus, Mr. Barnard recommends nothing more than a double gun (large bore), a rifle, and a setter, in preference to a pointer. The fisherman should be provided with *light* trout-rod, together with the usual salmon tackle, which should include an ample supply of lines, flies, and *plaited* casting-lines. Provisions can be procured in the large towns, but essences of vegetables, spices, and Worcestershire sauce should be brought from home; and he advises every one, as far as possible, to be his own cook. Every other requisite for Norwegian travelling can be hired of Mr. Bennett, the tourist's factotum at Christiania. Mr. Barnard suggests that "every gentleman should provide himself with a presentable" dress, to obviate a belief, which is unfortunately prevalent in Norway, that the English go thither for the purpose of wearing out their old clothes.

The chapters on the rein-deer, the elk, and the feathered game of Norway, and that on bear-hunting (about 230 bears being killed annually), probably tell us as much as need be known on their several subjects; and that on the artificial breeding of salmon is, just at this moment, worthy of serious attention nearer home. There is no question that the recent Act has done something to stop the exhaustion of our rivers, which was rapidly coming to pass. But it requires both a few more stringent enactments and much more painstaking application of its provisions by the local authorities to make it effective; and even then the re-population of our rivers will be the work of several years. The Norwegian apparatus for the purpose seems very simple. The ova can be transported almost any distance in boxes filled with damp moss—not water; and there appears to be no reason why our supply of salmon might not be very much enlarged, within a single season, by the adoption of this expedient.

Mr. Barnard, beyond a few bear-hunting stories, gives little in addition to the information required by the sportsman, the fisherman, and the naturalist, except in one chapter, that of "Sketches from Setersdal." His graphic powers, as exhibited there, are sufficiently akin to those of the Dutch painters to make us regret that he has not confined the present volume within the requirements of a sportsman's guide-book, and given us in a second volume a series of sketches from Norway generally of the same sort with those from Setersdal. Of most books of travel it is painfully true that half is more than the whole. Here the fault is just the opposite one. A good hand-book and a good travel-book may be made out of it. At present, it is a mixture of the two which is scarcely satisfactory.

Setersdal, we are told, is "*aterra incognita* to the English traveller, and, indeed, hardly known to the Norwegians themselves," though

* *Sport in Norway, and Where to Find it.* By the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A., late Chaplain to the British Consulate, Christiania. London: Chapman & Hall. 1864.

within easy reach of Christiansand. It is a place where Mr. Carlyle may see the work of Thor's hammer to perfection—or might have done so a few years ago. There are huge boulders all along the bridle-path which skirts the Devil's Cliff and which was then the only means of communication between Sötersdal and the external world—here, hanging overhead among birches and wild cherry-trees, there, brawling with the Otter far below (a noisy contrast to its quiet namesake in Devon) about the right of way; and every now and then a huge mass of rock crashes down, avalanche-like, to join its brethren. A certain amount of cultivation is visible here and there where the valley widens, but, on the whole, it is as wild and yet as interesting a scene as can well be imagined. The inhabitants of the dale are a singular race, and are said by the native Norwegians to be a colony of Scotchmen. They are a good deal changed by the intercourse with the world that has been brought about by the construction of a broad, dusty, unromantic road through the valley; and the elders of them regret the good old times when "the Sötersdal peasant used to go about in his long white frock, short yellow leather breeches, and garters with tassels," and when "luxuries and superfluities, brandevin and coffee, frippery and foppery" had not yet corrupted the simplicity of their race. But the Sötersdalian retains enough of his old ways to be highly amusing in Mr. Barnard's description:—

He wears his hair cropped close, stiff like the bristles of a pig; but in front, bordering on the forehead, he allows it to grow into a pig-tail (or *spår*), which he takes a pride in plaiting and twisting behind the ear. He is as proud of his pig-tail as the Oriental of his beard, and would not part with this ornament at any price; indeed the principal cause of his dislike to soldiering is a fear of the brutal military scissors, which would clip off his pride, his joy, his darling pig-tail, the moment he is enrolled. He differs from the Indian only in this, that the one wears his pig-tail in front, the other farther back. With both people it has a sort of challenging air about it; but in the one case it refers to a scalp, in the other to an eye. In a fight, for instance, the Sötersdal peasant, with that precision and certainty which only long habit can give, seizes with his forefinger the pig-tail of his enemy, and with his thumb endeavours, and often succeeds, in forcing out his eye. Many a living testimony now wanders about with only one eye, as Odin, a victim to the conservative predilections of his opponent for eye-squeezing. Not unfrequently, too, the nose and ear bear marks of the contest. To bite off and swallow his opponent's nose or ear is thought just as little of as squeezing out his eye, and is not considered as any disgrace in a Sötersdal fight. Should he have a fight in the town, he acts as a man of taste and good breeding, and only uses his knife; but amongst his own people his sharp teeth come into play, and he seldom disdains to seize the defiant pig-tail of his enemy, which, on such occasions, falls over the forehead in the most inviting manner.

He is not, however, generally pugnacious, unless when excited by ale or brandy. He is very superstitious—after sunset he will hardly ever venture out of doors. He is ludicrously selfish. "How much will you give?" is a question he will ask at every step, or rather, one which must be satisfactorily answered before he will stir a step at all. And he is sublimely lazy. The women "hoe, thrash, cut wood, and carry water, whilst the men, just for once in a way, drive a load into the town." He thinks it derogatory to put his hand to any farm-work. His hands are in general beautifully soft and fine:—

He often lets out his whole property on lease to one less opulent, who farms it for him, assuring him a certain rent, on which he lives; whilst he shamefully wastes his time in slothful indolence. Ask such a Sötersdal gentleman why he does not manage his own farm himself, and you will get a naïve and astonished reply—"He needn't work, he is rich." Amongst a people of such idle tendencies it is very common to find, along with this letting out of farms, an arrangement made by which the owner secures a maintenance for himself, so as to be able to pursue an idle, slothful, lounging existence; and it is easy to understand what a depressing influence such a proceeding must have on the value of property and the progress of agriculture. It has, moreover, a destructive influence on the whole family life, and often, by the side of affection for parents, there creeps in an element of calculative speculation on the probable event of their death, so as to set the estate at liberty.

We cannot suppose that Mr. Barnard is himself as simple as his Norwegian friends, and as innocently ignorant as he pretends to be that rents and jointures are phenomena discoverable in other latitudes than those of Sötersdal. We do not suppose that he would gravely put the question to the Duke of Devonshire, if he happened to meet him among his Derbyshire or Westmoreland dales, which he put to the hypothetical Duke of Sötersdal, with any notion of getting an answer materially different. And if he were as well acquainted with the English Almanack's as he is with the "Forening" which represents it in Christiania, we fear he would find just a little of the same sort of "calculative speculation" here in England. We take the passage to be one of those pieces of Dutch painting where the artist not only gives us an "interior," but adds an innocent likeness of himself, just to heighten the effect. If Mr. Barnard is as simple as the quotation we have given would seem to imply, we should rather like to see his face if ever he happened to be in conference with a solicitor about "settlements," "encumbrances," "remainders," and a few other material guarantees that the future husband can afford to be "idle," which enter rather largely into the economics of a good many people beside those of Sötersdal. Also, if he should ever chance to visit the descendants of the Northmen on the east coast of Yorkshire, he will find them, in one respect at least, faithful to their ancestral traditions. The Filey fisherman, on his return to shore, regards his part of the work as finished when he has hauled up his boat, and contentedly contemplates through a cloud of tobacco-smoke the wife and daughters carrying the fish up a couple of hundred feet of cliff, in heavy loads, upon their heads.

It is sad to be obliged to add that the Sötersdal aristocrat is not wholly prepossessing in certain personal aspects—is, in truth, abominably filthy:—

He has an innate horror of water, and washes himself (properly) only every Christmas time. On his cottage floor, which has not undergone any cleaning process ever since it was laid down, the pig jumps cheerfully about; the hens sit on the shelf, between milkpans and cheeses; while the cock majestically struts about on the tester-bed. In the same room which serves as dairy, the Sötersdal peasant sleeps with his family and servants, amongst pigs and goats, and other smaller and still more lively animals. The peasant of a higher rank has an especial shelf under his roof for his cheese and milk; and, as is usually the case, this is on the tester-bed, which does not contribute to make the one more dainty, or the surface of the other more white and pure. When a milk-bowl is produced, more especially in summer, it seldom fails to be covered with a thick coating of dust and smuts, which leaves the spectator in doubt as to what it really is. But the native Sötersdalian eats it without even blowing the dust off.

A few details of his ordinary diet and habits, still more unsavoury, are added, which we spare our readers. Withal, the man is, as we said, an aristocrat of the real mediæval type. He is quite clear that the world is in the middle of the universe, Norway in the middle of the world (America, the sea, and *Jötunheim* being its boundaries), and Sötersdal in the middle of Norway. Marriages are alliances of family and estate, enforced not uncommonly on unwilling daughters by the discipline of lock and key, but varied pretty frequently by marriages of affection, invidiously called abductions by parents and guardians, but easily condoned when the thing is irreparable. They are stately, after a fashion, in their hospitality; very independent; and with a certain sort of chivalry and romance about them that assort oddly with extreme sloth, stupendous dirt, and profound worship of cash.

Here we must leave Mr. Barnard. Very few persons will visit Norway henceforth without possessing themselves of the practical information conveyed in his pages; and we again suggest the propriety of his making the work more perfect as a guide-book, and giving us a separate volume of sketches such as that from which we have been quoting.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.*

AN experienced man of business writing an intelligible book on any financial subject is a phenomenon that occurs only at very rare intervals, and deserves to be noted with especial satisfaction. In general, the more familiar a man is with monetary transactions, the more obscure his utterances on the subject become; and the few brilliant exceptions which will occur at once to the mind of every one who takes an interest in such subjects only make the ordinary rule the more conspicuous and startling. For one luminous treatise on currency and exchange which proceeds from an author practically conversant with such matters, it would be easy to produce a dozen clear and sound essays by writers who have never purchased a foreign bill, and whose only commercial transactions are represented by the settlement of accounts between themselves and their publishers. At first sight, it seems paradoxical enough to say that those who of necessity know least about the details of a curious class of transactions should be the most accurate and perspicuous in setting forth their fundamental principles. And yet the mystery is easily explained. The few principles which lie at the root of all monetary theories are so simple, certain, and clear, that no one who brings to the task any power of dealing with such subjects can fail to present them with a fair measure of truth and clearness. But the details and complications which envelope the transactions themselves are so manifold and varied that one who approaches theory through the gates of practice is apt to find himself woefully encumbered by the great variety of facts with which his business has made him familiar. In striving to explain everything at once, he very often contrives to cloud the essential principle, and to darken the view, not only of his reader, but of himself. Hence it is that currency and exchange are almost universally regarded as extremely abstruse and complex subjects. And so, in a sense, they are, if it is sought to grasp the whole subject so completely as to have a ready explanation for each one of the various phenomena which are daily presenting themselves to the eyes of practical men. But in the hands of the skilled political economist, while all complexity vanishes, the desired simplicity is often attained only by preserving the silence of unconscious ignorance on a thousand points of the highest interest to the student who has already mastered the elements of the science. Such a contrast as we have pointed at may be paralleled in every science. All first principles are clear as the day when once they are presented by themselves, disencumbered of the qualifications which actual facts throw around them. Mechanics which take no account of friction, and astronomy which is silent about perturbations, are beautifully simple sciences; but in proportion to their simplicity is their inadequacy to deal with the facts of nature. It is the same in economical science. Pay no heed to the infinite variety of business transactions, and to the application to all of them of essential principles, and nothing is easier than to sketch out a treatise on monetary science which shall be absolutely true in its broad features, and so easy that whoever runs may read. This has been done over and over again, while men of business, aiming at a fuller elucidation of the complicated facts of trade, have often lost the thread of leading doctrines, without which it is hopeless to venture into the labyrinth. The great distinction between the ordinary run of mere scientific and mere business writers is that, while the one class are commonly clear and inadequate, the others are mostly full of information which no one on earth can comprehend. A

* *The Theory of Foreign Exchanges.* By George J. Goschen, M.P. London: Edinham Wilson.

treatise, be it long or short, on the topics to which we refer can be satisfactorily written only by a man who has all the knowledge which real business life affords, and all the power of discriminating between the essential and the accidental, the principle and its application, which some of our economical writers have displayed in the highest degree. The brief but full treatise on the Theory of Foreign Exchanges which we owe to Mr. Goschen is one of the very few works which satisfy these conditions, so seldom combined. In laying down his theory, he is as clear as the rawest student could desire; while, in applying it to the ramifications of actual commerce and to the illustration of financial history, he throws light upon a host of practical points which scarcely any, even among the best of our scientific writers, have attempted to explain. The last two chapters, on the Interpretation and the Correction of the Foreign Exchanges, are especially full of interest.

As an illustration of the facility with which the more elementary principles are developed, nothing can be better than the discussion on the real significance of the term "favourable exchange." It is a phrase to which the mercantile world clings with something more than the tenacity of habit; and, while many writers have ridiculed it as only another form of the delusion which was once universal about the balance of trade, their half-truth has failed to shake the faith of business men that, after all, a favourable state of the exchanges means something which may fairly be regarded as a symbol of prosperity. Mr. Goschen points out, with more clearness than we remember to have seen in any other treatise, the precise measure of truth which each of these conflicting estimates contains. To the whole banking and mercantile community it is of the highest importance that the aggregate stock of bullion should suffice to enable them without difficulty to fulfil engagements which must be met in gold or its equivalent; and, accordingly, the banker or merchant is right in calling that an unfavourable state of exchange which threatens to reduce the supply of bullion below the point of safety. At the same time, when gold is in excess, it is really for the interest of all that the supply should fall to a normal condition; and the exchange which is still termed unfavourable is that which conduces most to the stability and security of trade. Speaking with scientific accuracy, an exchange favourable to England means nothing more or less than that foreign bills are cheap in the London market, and that English bills are dear abroad. At the root of this lies the fact that foreign countries are, at such times, more than ordinarily indebted to us, while our own liabilities to them are on a comparatively small scale. But though the mutual state of indebtedness is the foundation of the whole theory, Mr. Goschen points out, with great perspicacity, a number of modifying influences, all of which exercise a greater or less effect in producing a temporary influence on the exchanges. One passage which occurs in this part of the work hits off so exactly the most common source of error in the speculations even of sound theorists, that it deserves to be kept before the eyes of every one who is disposed to commit himself to a prediction or an explanation of current monetary events:—

It is, above all, essential to remember that fluctuations can arise not only from one cause, but many, and that, till proof is given that actually no other influence is at work than the one which may be selected as possible and plausible, no trustworthy opinion can be formed. It is an error often committed, when scientific subjects are superficially or popularly treated, to consider it enough to point out one cause as sufficiently accounting for any phenomena, regardless of the fact that it is far more important to prove that there are no other causes which could have led to the same results. But on no occasion does this fallacy more frequently blind the judgment than in questions of mercantile finance—possibly, because the facts with which they have to deal are so complex and entangled that any clear and intelligible solution of the difficulty is held to be sufficiently satisfactory without regard to the necessity of applying further tests. Half of the benefit which might be derived by a study of the exchanges is lost in consequence of the tendency to be satisfied with the first plausible explanation.

We have said enough to give some idea of the strength of the scientific element in Mr. Goschen's work. To appreciate what is the more rare merit of a skilful application of theory to actual facts, it is necessary to study the treatise itself; but some notion of its character may be conveyed by a sketch of the author's treatment of the questions to which the financial affairs of America have given occasion since the commencement of the war.

In 1861, a large efflux of bullion took place from Europe to America. The public mind was possessed with the plausible explanation that the panic in the United States, and the operations of English capitalists in taking advantage of the crisis, were the main, if not the sole, cause of the existing drain. Long afterwards, it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the primary cause—or, at any rate, one of the essential causes—was the huge debt which was due to America for importations of corn. The influence of this, Mr. Goschen considers, was intensified by the panic on the other side. Shipments were hurried, and bills were drawn, in anticipation of the usual course; orders for English goods were checked; and the ordinary effect of a state of heavy indebtedness was aggravated, for the moment, by the alarm of the creditor, and his anxiety to obtain immediate payment in specie to strengthen his hands against the trouble that he saw before him. But this explanation, simple enough when found, suggests another puzzling question. Why was there a panic in the United States when the course of exchange was so strikingly in their favour? To this but one answer can be given. Political anxiety, which the subsequent history of the country has fully justified, made every American eager to obtain the command of gold, however little it might actually be required for the immediate purposes of commerce.

A year passed, and the course of exchange became entirely reversed. The rise exceeded altogether the possible limit which indebtedness could produce, and there was no difficulty in tracing it to the issue of paper money in excess of the requirements of the country. When 150 dollars became necessary to purchase 100 dollars in gold, a proportionate increase must needs take place in the price of bills on England or elsewhere; but all who speculated on the subject at the time were at fault in their estimate of the probable rapidity of the effects of depreciation. For many months the issue of paper went on continuously, without raising gold to more than a very moderate premium; and when at last the movement began in earnest, the advance from 20 to 80 per cent. took every one equally by surprise. Mr. Goschen—we have no doubt, correctly—attributes these phenomena in part to the simultaneous contraction of the issues of private banks after the greenbacks were put afloat; and there is, perhaps, another analogous cause which may have contributed to the result. As soon as inconvertible money begins really to depreciate, even to a moderate extent, the use of specie as coin ceases almost entirely. It no longer answers to pay a debt with gold or silver which may be as well liquidated with paper of less value. For fresh transactions, it is true that, when the market price of gold was known, the coin and the greenback might be used indifferently without prejudice either to buyer or seller. Still, no one would wish to hold a falling currency longer than he was obliged, and, for all the purposes of coin, the paper would be exhausted before the gold was touched. The consequence was that there was, in effect, an annihilation of the greater part of the old coin, as currency, coincident with the issue of paper; and until this gap was filled, it was not to be expected that a very rapid rise in the price of gold should take place. When once, however, the notes surpassed this limit, there was no more gold to be withdrawn from circulation and turned into a commodity, and the depreciation was proportionally rapid. Another unexpected phenomenon was the recovery of the value of the American notes after the victory of Gettysburg; and this is easily traced to the effect of political confidence following on a depression which had largely aggravated the natural price of gold. Other disturbing causes are also mentioned which have to be taken into consideration in estimating the forces which have been at work.

After his narrative of past monetary fluctuations in America, Mr. Goschen attacks a subject of still greater interest to ourselves. More than one gloomy prophet has predicted a monetary crisis in England immediately upon the close of the American war. Cotton and corn, it is supposed, will flood our markets to such an extent as to drain away all our available specie, and before the equilibrium can be restored, a panic may have deprived the ordinary correctives of nearly all their remedial power. It is pleasant to find that a writer as sagacious as Mr. Goschen does not encourage these sinister forebodings; but, on the other hand, he looks in anything but a hopeful spirit upon the prospects of America herself after the conclusion of peace. Although he suggests another possible alternative, he evidently inclines to the opinion that, on finding themselves in possession of a redundant circulation and free from the demands of war, the Americans will be tempted into a great expansion of trade, and an extension of their scale of imports, which can only lead to inevitable collapse.

BELLA DONNA.*

THERE are certain characteristics about this work which give it a peculiar place apart from most of the other novels of the season. It is not often, now-a-days, that we see the attempt made—or, if made, carried out with success—to construct a tale out of the development of sheer force of character and will in a single individual, there being little or nothing in the story itself or in the personages introduced but what springs from their connexion with the principal agent in the piece; they being, in fact, for the most part, little more than unconscious chessmen moved by his or her quiet adroitness of hand. The interest of *Bella Donna* lies in the skilful manner in which the plot is worked out by the subtle brain and artful carriage of a heroine who, veiling these accomplishments from the general eye, presents externally none but the most common elements of character.

Jenny Bell is not, indeed, a personage of that keen self-consciousness or that special intellectual depth which Miss Brönte loved to throw into her creations—or, as we might say, her duplications of her own self. Nor is her character portrayed with that power of fine metaphysical analysis or with those masterly strokes of individuality which seem to set before us not so much a substantial moving figure as an embodied intelligence or will. There is, however, in Mr. Dyce's conception just so much in unison with the finer type or pattern of *Jane Eyre* as consists in subordinating all external details to a single intellectual or moral purpose—moral, that is, not in the sense of inculcating a lesson of a didactic kind, but in that of simply contrasting the personal power of will with that of physical or external circumstances. An additional peculiarity of the present work is that the heroine, in this case also, owes little of her singular power to fascinate and subdue alike man and woman to the more common outward charms of face or person. The title of *Bella Donna* is in this respect singularly inapplicable, and strikes us as one of the weakest points of the book. Miss Bell is not particularly favoured by those mere prettinesses of face and form on

* *Bella Donna, or the Cross before the Name.* By Gilbert Dyce. 2 vols. Bentley. 1864.

which a novelist of the ordinary stamp is sure to dwell with such minuteness, as if the medium of type and paper could vie with the proper vehicles of the photographer or the portrait-painter in making us familiar with the ideal which they have in their mind's eye. Nor are we particularly solicitous to acquire in consequence any very distinct visual image of Jenny, so as to be quite clear whether she was dark or fair, with eyes black or blue, or the usual passport regulations of complexion and feature. The impression she leaves upon us is that of a clever, cool, far-scheming, and eventually dangerous creature. A certain cloud of mystery seems to attach to her origin and influence from first to last. She is never fully introduced to us in set form, but creeps in at the outset from no one knows where—as she vanishes with the last page into outer darkness, no one can tell whither. All we are given to understand concerning her intermediate fortunes consists of the Machiavellian arts and manoeuvres of the poor adventuress to edge herself into position and fortune, and to wreak summary revenge upon the obstacles—one chief foe in particular—who bar the pathway of her plans. We meet first with Jenny as a “young person” staying in the country house of the head of the Franklyn family, a “sort of a kind of a relation who has been left an orphan”—destined, as that weak gentleman apologetically puts it, “not exactly to earn her bread, but to go out into the world, and be with a respectable family—on a peculiar footing, you understand.” But Jenny has bolder and further flights of fancy than the notion of subsiding into a mere starveling governess or paid companion. More than one string is already fitted to her bow. She is ambitious, and not without attractions suited to enslave at all events more than one class of admirers. Without positively pretending to be thought a beauty, there is much worth looking at in her “round, blooming, fresh face, with brown hair brought very low upon the forehead, and laid on, as a painter would, in rich under-flakes, as low indeed as is seen in a westerly Irish peasant-girl”—the light from the crane necks of the old twisted chandeliers seeming to fall upon it as she sits at table during the opening Sunday dinner-party, and “glisten like delicate splashes of molten silver.” “Little” Jenny is of course not tall or stately, nor even particularly high-bred. Her gloves are “large sevens.” She is not of the “company of immaterial virgins, who are spiritualized away by the macerations of romance”—no “misplaced angel,” languid or consumptive, in daily protest against the “unspiritual blessings of sound health and enjoyment.” “Jenny Bell was piquant, fresh, and fair,” a refreshing bit of colour, “beside whom the others seemed faded, insipid sketches, washed in with water colours.” “She was round and fresh as a piece of ripe fruit.” Her “brown sleepy eyes” could kindle at judicious moments with a light of sympathy or enthusiasm, though habitually indicative of a calm, reflective, inwardly sensuous temperament. Later on, in her freer moments, she is found putting forth a fleshly propensity for port wine, which is “ordered fruity and full-bodied” for her support under apprehended failure in condition. A marked point in the general physique of this young person is a tendency to plumpness, not at all checked by her disinclination to active work and preference for sedentary enjoyment. As she sits in her brief days of glory by her cozy bedroom fire, in the softest and most billowy of arm-chairs, her “plump” limbs crossed in the attitude of rest dear to voluptuaries of the other sex, rapt in the surreptitious study of the “last new thing from Bernardi’s,” a stimulating “something of Paul de Kock or Mdle. Camache,” we see Jenny in the first or lower heaven of present enjoyment.

But there are bolder and wider flights for Jenny’s more active moments. There are ardent suitors to be made useful as tools and puppets, and colder ones to be won by stratagem to her feet. There are enemies to be pursued with vengeance, and castles of fancy to be built up into more substantial structures. The poor dotting curate, the Rev. Charlton Wells, is thus kept conveniently in hand—fed upon occasional sops of hope and comfort, as a feeble instrument in her higher game. His suit is pressed on by the younger girls of the family, as well as by his weakly benevolent head, when crash goes the whole fabric of the family peace! The young soldier, heir to the estate—who is to repair its broken fortunes by marriage with the neighbouring heiress—after a few stolen words with a certain young person during the excitements of a fancy fair, breaks up utterly the nerves of his astonished sire—“Oh, Sir, I love Jenny Bell, and am utterly miserable; and I shall die if you do not let me marry her.” Jenny is no ordinary general, to risk defeat by rashly making a stand against irresistible odds. A rapid retreat is her game. Humble and retiring, she cannot think of remaining a thorn in the side of the “dear family,” and insists on leaving the house forthwith. This masterly stroke of abnegation at once brings everybody round to her side, the weak old gentleman himself chiming in with the general voice, and insisting on escorting her back in triumph as the future mistress of Grey Forest. But now comes on the stage Charlotte, the eldest sister, the “sensible girl” of the family, who has been away on a visit. Between the two women war is at once instinctively declared, and carried on first in secret, but ultimately with undisguised virulence to the bitter end. They are well matched, and there is much skill and point in the manner in which the successive moves of their game are indicated by the writer. It costs the “sensible girl” but little trouble so to work upon her brother’s weak and selfish nature with pictures of the ills of a *mésalliance* as to ensure his sneaking out of the proposed match after a fashion the most curish and abject—Jenny, true to the key-note of her character, the first to go down before the coming blow, and subsiding once more with grace and meekness into the character of a martyr and victim. Even the “sen-

sible girl” is loth and half-repentant as Jenny consummates the sacrifice. But nothing can prevent her self-immolation:—

She then took her candle and went to her room—her little room—fetched out her small travelling blotting-book, and began to write. Such a simple noble letter, without pomp or flourish of self-sacrifice. Indeed, it almost reached to the heroic. She calmly did the duty that she proposed to do, without loss of self-respect. She told him that she had seen from the beginning that the thing was unsuitable; that he would at least do her the justice to acknowledge that she had been reluctant throughout; that it was only at their pressing instances she had consented. Fortunately, it was not too late. It was nobody’s fault but hers. Nothing could have been kinder or more tender than their behaviour. Mr. Franklyn’s she would never, never forget. But again she must repeat, no one but herself was to blame; so that now, finally, she had determined that this business should come to an end. And this purpose of hers was irrevocable; nothing should change her.

She was not too proud, however, she said, to ask their aid in another direction. Possibly, Mr. Franklyn might not think it too much to help her on a little in her struggles through the world; such aid she would thankfully accept. She was not proud, thank Heaven, and could be grateful.

What constitutes the chief difference between Mr. Dyce’s manner and that of the bulk of our existing novelists is the way in which he abstains from all analysis of the inner workings of character in his heroine, and leaves us, as regards a key to her tactics, on precisely the same footing as the spectators or minor agents who surround her in the story. We may hazard a guess, or may have an instinctive perception, with the “sensible girl,” of the under-current of plot and passion which lurks behind that quiet, winning, imperturbable mask. But the depths of that scheming little head are never laid bare, unless it may be in slight and apparently unmeaning touches of character, the bearing of which upon the story is to become clearer to us by and by. With one of these, which gives its second title to the tale, the first act of the drama reaches its close. Before shutting her eyes on the last night of her sojourn at Grey Forest, Jenny takes out her little *Letts’ Diary*, in which she punctually posts up a private record of her thoughts, and in her minute clear hand notes down and doubly underscores a name with a cross before it—“Mem. + Charlotte Franklyn”—“thickening the strokes with love, as though she were doing a little bit of art.” The warfare vaguely hinted in these mysterious characters is henceforth shifted to another field. Jenny—established, through the interest called up by her “noble” act of disinterestedness, as governess in the household of an eminent and overworked Queen’s Counsel, shortly to become Sir Frederick Maxwell, Bart., whose sick wife she is soon in a fair way to supplant—is apprized by her simple tool, Mr. Wells, of Charlotte’s engagement to the son and heir of a wealthy baronet, whereby it is hoped the tottering credit of the family may be saved. Down goes the humble friend of the “dear Franklyns,” professedly with congratulation and counsel, but tacitly with the plan of a campaign, the results of which the sensible girl, at all events, is not long in feeling to her cost. Not only does Jenny more than half succeed in transferring to her own artful self the affections of the silly and rustic young Craven, chiefly by timely playing upon his conceit of intellectual and poetical talents, but she worms herself—at the expense of swallowing his political and economical twaddle—into the confidence of the vain and pompous old Sir Welbore, so as at length to put an effectual spoke into the wheel of the wedding chariot by hints of the Franklyns’ insolvency. In vain are the honest instincts and straightforward measures of the sensible girl put forth against the keen play of this feminine Machiavel. Jenny swells visibly with her coming triumph, and incontestably holds the central place in the skilfully-drawn tableau in which the several lesser agents in the piece are grouped together at the end of the most telling episode in the plot. Helpless as the bird before the snake, the poor scared Charlotte cowers in trembling awe, after a few faint appeals for pity, before her meek but terrible rival, who, as a day of successful plotting draws to an end, starts with innocent gaiety the idea of a round game—the “sensible” girl and herself to lead the play on either side—and playfully throws down to her “darling Charlotte” the challenge, which the other but too well understands, “Do you know, dear, I feel as if I had won already.” Then follows the springing of the mine—ruin to the family, suicide to the feeble old Franklyn, who has for years spent his days and nights rummaging among family papers, labouring by the help of his dexterous young “man of business,” Mr. Crowle, “in that hold of his,” his study, “with a kind of mournful regularity, to bail out his incumbrances with a sort of Danaid’s picher”—forgery, it appears, having been one of his last desperate expedients.

The end of the story is worked out with such haste and want of care as to detract much from the merit of Mr. Dyce’s delineation of his heroine. She is scarcely the person, as portrayed up to this point, to betray herself by a blunder so obvious as that which entails her final disgrace and overthrow. The fragments of the first draft of a letter to young Craven, which contained comic and satirical allusions to Sir Frederick, are suffered to remain in the barrister’s waste-paper basket in sufficient completeness to allow of their being put together by his precociously sharp little son, who, under his sick mother’s guidance, keeps a prying watch upon Jenny’s movements. Another preposterous incident is her mission of the love-sick curate as far as Avignon, with one of old Franklyn’s forged deeds, so as to checkmate in some unexplained way Charlotte’s hopes of recovering the title to the lost property by aid of the Craven alliance. Hither, too, by a no less incredible stretch of fancy, the sensible girl follows and contrives to inflict defeat. Jenny’s last card is played as she forces upon the sick Lady Maxwell a scene in which the pitiless stabs of her tongue bring on a fatal spasm of the

invalid's heart complaint. The baronet, who has unwittingly dropped in to catch the last words, turns from the dangerous creature in terror and disgust, and we hear of Jenny Bell no more.

There is a degree of originality and vigour about *Bella Donna* which makes us regret that Mr. Dyce should have been so unequal in parts, and should have let so many good opportunities pass unimproved. We shall not apparently be wrong in putting it down as a first work, and while we would hold out every encouragement to talents of a somewhat fresh and independent kind, we cannot but point to faults in point of finish—even to gross defects in grammar—which in no author, however untried, are to be held deserving of excuse. In those episodes in which he chooses to put forth his strength he can paint with sufficient force to show that, with less haste and looseness of thought, he might have given us a far better work. As it is, much of his material is suffered to run to waste. The end in particular is hurried on with an abruptness and want of connexion which seem as though he had tired of his work—unless, indeed, he has intentionally acted upon the hint of Mr. Sam Weller, and designed to make us wish there was more of it. With more careful and conscientious use of the matter involved in his main design, he might have gone far to kindle in us some feeling of that kind.

LIFE OF CHOPIN.*

IF Herr Liszt were as excellent a composer as he is a warm-hearted friend and a generous critic, he would be the first of living musical writers. He is one of many examples which may be cited to show that it is possible for a musician to be free from all mean and petty jealousy of his brother artists. He is also a proof of what we believe to be an undoubted fact, that a composer's position in the musical world is materially aided by a high personal character. There is no popular error more unfounded than that which attributes to the artist body an insensibility to those general moral and intellectual charms which constitute the excellence of the man as distinct from the accomplishments of the musician. Whatever may have been the case in past days, it is certain that, in the present condition of professional society, the recognition of a composer's merits is materially assisted by the possession of those nobler qualities which are often supposed to be as unappreciated as they are unknown in the republic of art. Were Franz Liszt a less liberal, enthusiastic, and unaffectedly conscientious person than he notoriously is, his bizarre and generally tuneless works would have failed to attract the degree of respectful attention which has been bestowed on them.

His *Life of Chopin*, of which we have here a translation by an American lady, is thoroughly characteristic of the man. With all its good feeling, its perception of the highest functions of art, and its occasional acute and discriminating criticisms, it is the last book in the world to put into the hands of those who honestly wish to understand what music is, what it means, and what is the secret of its power over the heart and thoughts of all humanity. Conceive the face of a worthy old papa, who loves to hear his daughter play in the long winter evenings, when, in reply to his question as to what constitutes a "Polonaise," the young lady informs him that the chords she has just played "fall upon the ear like the rattling of swords just drawn from their scabbards;" that she almost hears "the wild and distant neighings of the steeds of the desert, as they toss the long manes around their haughty heads, impatiently pawing the ground, with their lustrous eye beaming with intelligence and full of fire, while they bear with stately grace the trailing caparisons, embroidered with turquoise and rubies, with which the Polish seigneurs loved to adorn them." This, she says, is a polonaise by Weber. The polonaises by Chopin, she proceeds, taking up her parable from Herr Liszt, are even more suggestive. They represent "the heavy resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer." "While the music proceeds," she says, "we see passing at intervals before us brocades of gold, velvets, damasked satins, silvery soft and flexible sables, hanging sleeves gracefully thrown back upon the shoulders, embossed sabres, boots yellow as gold or red with trampled blood, sashes with long and undulating fringes, close chemisettes, rustling trains, stomachers embroidered with pearls, head-dresses glittering with rubies or leafy with emeralds, light slippers rich with amber, gloves perfumed with the luxurious attar from the harems." As the paternal mind becomes more and more disturbed with an idea that his beloved child is losing her wits, she informs him that Chopin's polonaises are nothing at all to his Funeral March, which she offers to play him, and which she assures him is "the cry of a nation's anguish mounting to the very throne of God; the appeal of human grief from the lyre of seraphs. Neither cries, nor hoarse groans, nor impious blasphemies, nor furious imprecations trouble for a moment the sublime sorrow of the plaint; it breathes upon the ear like the rhythmic sighs of angels. The antique face of grief is entirely excluded. Raising itself from the soil wet with blood and tears, it springs forward to implore God; and having nothing more to hope from earth, it supplicates the Supreme Judge with prayers so poignant that our hearts in listening break under the weight of an august compassion." This is, however, only a taste of what is to be found in the way of emotion in these mysterious compositions. "Human nature," Herr Liszt considers, "is not capable of main-

taining always this mood of energetic abnegation, of courageous submission." Nevertheless, Chopin's very *études* and *scherzos* seem to be instinct with something inexpressibly tremendous. We are instructed that we ought to find in them "a concentrated exasperation and despair, which are sometimes manifested in bitter irony, sometimes in intolerant hauteur." Those who have failed to discover these mysteries may console themselves with the reflection that the fault is not altogether their own, for Herr Liszt admits that the personal character of Chopin had something to do with the general misconception of the hidden meaning of his music. "Kind, courteous, and affable, of tranquil and almost joyous manners, he would not suffer the secret convulsions which agitated him to be even suspected." Nevertheless, all this world of woe lies really concealed within a polonaise or a march. Lord Burleigh's nod was nothing to it. Mr. Ruskin discoursing upon Turner becomes, in comparison with Herr Liszt, almost a sober critic. The visions he sees can only be equalled by the enthusiastic Handelian who, in two consecutive chords in a chorus in *Samson*, discerned nothing less than a representation of Mont Blanc and the Valley of Chamouni.

In all seriousness, we cannot but deprecate these extravagant and artificial raptures as highly detrimental to the progress of musical art. Undoubtedly there exists a mystery in the charm of musical sounds, and a reality and depth of meaning in the combinations of tone and harmony, which are felt by those who possess the hearing ear and the understanding mind, and which are nevertheless hopelessly incomprehensible to those who are less happily organized. But the fact that the effect of music is thus mysterious, subtle, and impalpable only makes it the more incumbent upon those who would enlighten the ignorant to beware of all eccentricities and exaggerations in their attempts to fix the evanescent and arrest the fleeting. Go where we will in cultivated society, we find men and women, but especially the former, who desire nothing better than to meet with a rational and intelligible explanation of all that concerns the musical art. Perceiving its marvellous influence on all ages and races, and conscious of a certain response to its voice in their own minds, they yet shrink from the noisy cant with which they are deafened by the professed *fanciers*, and are equally dissatisfied with the vague but honest enthusiasm of their "musical" friends. Such men will undoubtedly be repelled by Herr Liszt's extravagances, qualified as these may be by the warmth of his devotion to his friend and the gravity of his own thoughtfulness. Let us, however, at the same time do him justice. Whatever may be his efforts in the way of rhapsodies on the details of his own art, they "pale their ineffectual fires" when he comes to dilate on Mme. Dudevant and the characteristics of women of genius in general. For a short time in his life, Chopin formed a friendship of a platonic but most enthusiastic description with that brilliant writer. The friendship was broken off as suddenly as it came to maturity. Herr Liszt hints rather than expresses his conviction that the fault certainly did not lie with the musician, which we can well believe. So far as we can judge, the novelist had no taste for attendance upon a sick man. Nevertheless, the biographer takes occasion, from the separation between the two friends, to out-do all his previous efforts in the way of fine writing, and ends his chapter with a burst of such blazing nonsense that we can scarcely conceive him reading it a second time and retaining his gravity. If a woman of genius, he says, could by any possibility become a good nurse, "the miraculous spectacle of the Greek fire would be renewed, the glittering flames would again sport over the abysses of the ocean without being extinguished or submerged in the chilling depths, adding, as the living hues were thrown upon the surging waves, the glowing dyes of the purple fire to the celestial blue of the heaven-reflecting sea. . . . Can the royal purple and burning flames of genius ever float upon the immaculate azure of a woman's destiny?"

The best portion of Herr Liszt's book is his sketch of the peculiarities of Chopin's compositions. Even those who are far from going with him to the full extent of his admiration will in the main concur in the correctness of his analysis, expressed as it is in terms full of force and meaning, though at times a little *outré* and violently rhetorical. At the same time we miss some account of the characteristics of Chopin's mode of playing, which is the more to be regretted on account of the wonderful gifts as a player possessed by Herr Liszt himself, which would have made his description of Chopin's style all the more interesting. The reason he gives for omitting all such accounts is simply absurd. He tells us that his feelings would be too much for him if he attempted the task—an excuse which is especially ludicrous in a writer whose feelings have certainly not stood in his way in any other matters which he wished to put upon paper. In one respect he is an eminently fitting biographer of his friend, his own straightforwardness and simplicity of purpose enabling him thoroughly to understand the intimate connexion which existed between the character of Chopin and his works. That dreamy, melancholy, refined, shrinking, morbid, and somewhat narrow mind found its natural expression in the multitude of polonaises, mazourkas, and short *morceaux* which have proceeded from his pen. Without largeness of idea, or intensity of emotion, or breadth of musical treatment, they are yet redolent of a graceful individuality for which it is impossible not to feel a sort of affection. Occasionally, as in the case of the Funeral March, which is a master-piece, they rise to a higher standard. Whatever their singularities, an undeniable good taste reigns

* *Life of Chopin*. By F. Liszt. Translated from the French by Martha Walker Cook. Philadelphia: Leypoldt.

throughout, while their tendency to monotony is relieved by the perpetual recurrence of minute variations in thought and construction. In truth, they are genuine pieces of poetry, and may perhaps be destined to a place among the works of those minor poets who are finally ranked among the classics of the art. If they pass away and are entirely forgotten, their oblivion will probably be less due to their defects as compositions than to their specially personal tone and character. They are too "complaining" for mankind in general, and give utterance to the pains of a somewhat sickly and self-contemplating melancholy, rather than to those deeper and more intense emotions which are the inheritance of all mankind. The world moves too fast, and suffers too keenly, to care very much for the woes of a fastidious gentleman who was the idol of a circle of adoring ladies; and it may be doubted whether Chopin's fame will last like that of some others of the minor poets of music whose genius is of a more cheerful and healthy character.

HANDBOOK TO THE WESTERN CATHEDRALS.*

THE fourth volume of Mr. Murray's Handbooks to the English Cathedrals will meet with a ready welcome. It contains the Cathedrals of Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, and Lichfield. The descriptions and illustrations seem to us neither better nor worse than those upon which we have commented in former numbers of the series. Mr. Richard King, the editor, has not thought fit, or has not been able, to improve his method according to the advice which his critics have offered. It is superfluous, therefore, to notice again any defects of the kind. After all, the work is by no means ill done; and the successive volumes—convenient in size and beautifully got up—supply a want that has been long felt. They have no rivals as guidebooks to our famous cathedral churches.

Of the five cathedrals contained in this volume, that of Gloucester is perhaps the most interesting and the most architecturally important. In the opinion of no less an authority than the Cambridge Jacksonian Professor, the peculiar characteristics of the English "Perpendicular" Gothic were first developed in this building. The fabric is substantially of Norman architecture; but, in the fourteenth century, the internal walls of both transepts and the choir were covered, all round, by an open panelling or screen-work of elaborate "Perpendicular" tracery. A similar process was pursued in Winchester Cathedral, but there the new work completely cased and covered the original structure. At Gloucester, on the contrary, the Third-Pointed net-work was only spread superficially over the Norman walls and arches, leaving the earlier structure visible through the tracery. Now the date of the earliest portion of this work is known, from documentary evidence, to be between 1329 and 1337. This is before the Perpendicular style was fully developed; although the germs of its more mature peculiarities are clearly to be traced in this stone reticulation. Accordingly, Professor Willis argues that here is to be found the very first beginning of the new style. "It must have begun somewhere," he says; "in some place the mullion must have been carried up for the first time; and no place is so likely as Gloucester to have produced the change of style." Nor is this the only architectural glory of Gloucester. It claims also to have originated that system of fan-vaulting which is peculiar to England. The cloisters—which were commenced by Abbot Horton (1351-1377), and finished by Abbot Frouncester (1381-1412), and which are among the finest examples in England—present the earliest known specimen of the fan-vault. It is by no means an improbable suggestion that the school of masons employed in the cathedral were the inventors of the new system.

On turning over the pages of this volume it is impossible not to be struck with the circumstance that almost every original and discriminating architectural remark is credited to Professor Willis. One feels the deepest regret that more, and more copious, extracts have not been made from that gentleman's admirable monographs. Indeed, may we not ask why the publisher did not obtain leave to substitute bodily the Professor's architectural criticisms and descriptions for the comparatively weak and second-hand compilations of the actual editor? We are sure that these papers, which always form the chief attractions of the meetings of the Archaeological Institute and the *pièces de résistance* of the Society's Transactions, would well repay the owner of the copyright for the risk of bringing them out in a separate and inexpensive form.

Of the five cathedrals embraced in what Mr. King calls the Western division, all but one have been thoroughly "restored," and the one as yet untouched—that of Gloucester—is, we understand, to be immediately taken in hand. The editor, for obvious reasons, deals very sparingly in criticism. Occasionally he pronounces some modern stained glass to be good, and some to be unmitigatedly bad; but he seldom commits himself to strong opinions about more conspicuous offenders. His own sympathies, however, appear to be right; and we fancy that we detect some involuntary wincing when he describes, historically, the re-carving "by Mr. Boulton, under the superintendence of" Mr. Perkins, the chapter architect, of so much of the foliage and figure-sculpture of Worcester Cathedral. We do not mean here to discuss the vexed question of the restoration of that cathedral. It is enough to say that it is plain, from Mr. King's statement of

facts, that the authorities have not shown a very conservative spirit in their treatment of the structure. How the Guesen Hall at Worcester was wantonly sacrificed two or three years ago by the Dean and Chapter our readers will not have forgotten. Here Mr. King, though he quotes Mr. Parker's energetic protest against the demolition of a beautiful and unique mediæval monument, registers the opinion of Professor Willis that the building would have cost too much to repair. With respect to the restoration of Bristol Cathedral, the editor seems, upon the whole, little satisfied with the taste and skill of the architect employed. Here we are obliged to agree with him. It is not every cathedral that has been so fortunate as Gloucester in its resident architect. This gentleman, Mr. Waller, has contributed some valuable facts to the architectural history of the structure; and he has, we believe, for some years laboured usefully and unobtrusively in works of first necessity for its improvement and preservation. We look with some anxiety to the appointment of an architect-in-chief, whose duty it will be to carry out the contemplated restoration. Let us hope that some one will be chosen who will be able to give an almost undivided attention to the task. No one person can be equal, in this sense, to "the care of all the churches;" and it is high time that some of our younger architects of promise should have an opportunity of showing their skill in a wide field. We note, by the way, as a good omen for the future of Lincoln Cathedral, that its new dean, Dr. Jeune, is commended by Mr. King for the "untiring energy and able administration of the Chapter revenues" to which we owe the thorough restoration of the magnificent east window of Gloucester Cathedral, and many other minor improvements in that church and its precincts. We were disappointed at not finding in these pages any account of the discoveries which have been lately made in the Deanery of Gloucester. No satisfactory description of the new facts which have been brought to light about the old conventual buildings has yet reached us. The two other cathedrals included in this volume have been restored very magnificently—Hereford by Mr. Cottingham and Mr. Scott, Lichfield by Mr. Scott alone. Mr. King is rapturous in his praises of both, and not without reason. But we do not know that we can quite go as far as he does in his admiration of Messrs. Skidmore's metal-work screen in the former cathedral. Critics have lately pointed out that, though its design is bold and original and beautiful, the workmanship is often less satisfactory than it ought to be, both in principle and in execution.

Among the more noteworthy facts recorded in these pages we observe an interesting description of the traces lately discovered of the original polychromatic decoration of the capitals of the piers and bosses of the groining in the nave of Gloucester. The details were recorded by Mr. F. S. Waller. We do not read that any attempt has been made to reproduce the colouring. Let us protest, in passing, against the arrangements of the magnificent choir of this cathedral, as shown in Mr. Jewitt's beautiful engraving. The whole effect is spoiled by the closely packed open seats which occupy the greater part of the central area. A cathedral choir loses more than half its dignity and solemnity if there is no open space between the stalls. At any rate, for æsthetic reasons, the engraver might as well have omitted these mean arrangements for a Sunday congregation in his perspective view. A seasonable word from the Editor on the proper and decent arrangements of a cathedral choir might have done good service; and we regret that he seems to have considered such subjects beneath his notice. Further on, in describing the "carols" (as they are called) in the Gloucester cloisters, Mr. King might well have mentioned that the word, elsewhere called with more etymological truth "carrels," i.e. "quarrels," means the small four-square chambers or recesses used by the monks for private study. A note appended to the description of Gloucester acquaints us that Mr. Winston has lately formed some interesting conclusions as to the east window. He gives the years 1347-1350 as the exact date of the work. The general subject of the glass is the Enthronement of the Virgin, and the original arms in the window were those of the knights connected with Gloucestershire who fought at Cressy. Mr. Winston surmises that the donor was Lord Bradeston, Governor of Gloucester Castle. In the short notices of the Bishops of the see, the Editor mentions that Bishop Goodman (1625-1646) had always been suspected of Roman Catholic sympathies; and he adds—"A curious entry in a volume now in the chapter library proves that that suspicion was far from being without foundation." Surely he ought to have favoured his readers with this very important quotation. We ought not to forget to say that the engravings of Hereford Cathedral, which are not by Jewitt, are executed in an inferior style to the rest. In particular, the figures introduced are often in bad taste, and, at least in one instance, give a wrong scale altogether. In this section we notice more than once the name of Warrenton as a glass-painter. We presume that Mr. Warrington is meant. A better antiquary than the editor would have told us that the church of "St. Mary Monthalt" in London, which was bought for the see of Hereford by Bishop Ralph in 1234, is now called St. Mary Mounthaw. This church, which is now united with St. Mary Somerset, is still in the alternate patronage of the Bishop of Hereford. There is a dainty woodcut, by Jewitt, of the most curious original book-case in the Chapter library of Hereford, with the books chained to the shelves. The engraving of the famous fourteenth-century map of the world, which M. D'Azémar has described and explained, is too small to be intelligible. It is not often that we have to censure Mr. King for inaccurate use of technical terms; but this sentence—speaking of

* Handbook to the Cathedrals of England. Western Division. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1864.

Bristol cathedral—"the chancel, or sacrum, is of the same date as the choir," though intelligible enough, would justly shock an ecclesiologist. Dean Close ought to thank us for telling him that Bishop Fletcher, of Bristol, the father of the dramatist, "seeking to lose his sorrow in a mist of smook, died of the immoderate taking thereof, June 15, 1596." He was the first victim to tobacco in England. Finally we may mention, as a curious addition to our knowledge of the particular works of particular mediæval architects, that Professor Willis has shown that the interesting and well-known parish church of Bredon was built by the same man who designed the western end of the nave of Worcester Cathedral.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Last Three Weeks of Miss LOUISA FINE and Mr. W. HARRISON's Management. On Monday, February 29, and during the Week, at Seven o'clock, Macfarren's new Opera, *THE STOOPS TO CONQUER*. Miss Louisa FINE, Miss Anna Hiles, Messrs. W. H. Weiss, H. Corri, G. Ferren, and W. Harrison. Conductor, Mr. A. Mellon. After which Levey's popular Operetta, *FANCHETTE*. Miss Thirlwall, Miss Susan FINE, Messrs. H. Corri, A. St. Albans, J. House, and A. Cook.

Mr. W. HARRISON begs to intimate to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public that his farewell BENEFIT, on his retirement from the Management of the Royal English Opera at Covent Garden, will take place on Saturday, March 12. Box Office open daily from Ten till Five.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL. On Monday next, February 29, the Programme will consist of Mendelssohn's Quintet in A for Stringed Instruments. Pianoforte, Mme. Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Vieuxtemps (his last appearance but two); Violoncello, M. Pague. Vocalists—Mme. Rudersdorf and Miss Banks. Conductor, Mr. Benedetti. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co's, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION.—Twentieth Season.—The FIRST of the EIGHT MATINEES will be given on the Tuesday after Easter. The Record of 1863 has been sent to Members. Subscriptions received by CHAMBER, WOOD, & CO., CHAPPELL & CO., and ANSWER & FANST, 18 Hanover Square. Tickets will be sent in due time. Members are requested to send their Nominations, with Name and Address, to the Director, J. ELLA.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 33 Pall Mall.—The EXHIBITION OF CARL WERNER'S celebrated SERIES of DRAWINGS—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the Holy Places—is NOW OPEN. Admission, One Shilling.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, F.R.S., will commence a Course of Thirty-two LECTURES, on Magnetism, Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, on Monday next, February 29, at Half-past Ten a.m., at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street; to be continued on every Week-day but Saturday at the same hour. Fee for the Course, 4s.

TRENHAM BEEKS, Registrar.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—To SCULPTORS.—The Models to be submitted in Competition for the Premium of £600 offered by this Society are to be delivered at the Museum, South Kensington, on Tuesday, March 1, between the hours of Ten and Four.

444 West Strand, February 17, 1864.

GEORGE GODWIN, Hon. Sec.
LEWIS POOCK, Hon. Sec.

INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS.—NOTICE.—The FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING of the INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS will take place on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of March next, at the Hall of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London; Morning Meetings at Twelve, and Evening ditto at seven. Papers on the Principles of Naval Construction; on Practical Shipbuilding; on Steam Navigation; on the Equipment and Management of Ships for Merchandise and for War, will be read at this Meeting. Naval Architects, Ship Builders, Naval Officers of the Royal and Merchant Services, and Engineers, who propose to read Papers before the Institution, are requested to send immediate notice of the Subject and Title of the Paper to the Secretary; and it is requested that the Paper itself, with illustrative drawings, be deposited at the Offices of the Institution on or before the 7th of March next.

Candidates for admission as Members, or as Associates, must send in their applications on or before the 1st of March next. The Annual subscription of £2 2s. is payable on admission, and becomes due at the commencement of each succeeding year.

* Volume IV. of the "Transactions" is now complete, and its delivery to the Members and Associates will take place immediately.

7 Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

D. TRICE, Assist.-Secretary.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, February, 1864.

THERE will be an Election, in June next, to two Senior Scholarships, each tenable as long as the holder shall continue to be a Member of Marlborough College. Competition for these Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age, on January 1, 1864, was under 15. Their annual value will be £20 each, and, in the case of a successful Candidate not being a Member of the College, a free Nomination worth £20 will be given. The total expense of board, lodging, medical attendance, &c., to the holders of these Scholarships will be, to Sons of Clergymen under £5 per annum, to Sons of Laymen about £8 per annum.

At the same time, there will be an Election to two Junior Scholarships, tenable for two years, or till Election to Senior Scholarship, each of the annual value of £20, together with free nomination as above. Competition for the Junior Scholarships is limited to Candidates whose age, on January 1, 1864, was under 14.

Another Scholarship, worth £16 a year, will also be filled up in June, confined to the Sons of Clergymen who have served for five years as Chaplains or Missionaries within the limits of the late East India Company's Charters. Age of Candidates for this Scholarship the same as for the Junior Scholarships.

Further particulars will be supplied on application to Mr. W. F. SELWICK, the College, Marlborough.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The SENIOR HALF-TERM begins March 2.

The JUNIOR HALF-TERM, April 13.

Prospectuses, containing Terms and names of Professors, may be had on application.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—GENTLEMEN desiring to qualify themselves for the COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION required of CANDIDATES for the above are Prepared by A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., 12 Princes Square, Baywater, W. Teachers of Emulation in Sanskrit, the Higher Classes in Mathematics, German, Italian, French, Mental, Moral, and Experimental Science, &c., are to constant attendance. Numerous references can be given to Candidates who have passed high from this Establishment at each of the Competitive Examinations during the last Five Years.

THE REV. J. C. J. HOSKYN'S ABRAHAM, many years Head-Master of Bruton School, Somerset—now Rector of Butterleigh, Collington, Devon—is prepared to receive ONE or TWO PUPILS. Terms, £200 per annum.

PRIVATE MILITARY PREPARATIONS for Woolwich. Sandhurst, Line, and Staff College Examinations, under a Resident Cambridge Wrangler and Graduates from other Universities. Particularly successful, as references testify. Students limited to Ten.—Address, FRANKLIN, 7 Blessington Road, Lee, Kent, S.E.

ST. ALBANS, HERTS.—The Head Master of the Grammar School has Vacancies in his house for PUPILS, to prepare for the Universities, Competitive Examinations, Military and Civil. A few Sons of Gentlemen may be received to educate in connexion with the Foundation.—Address, the Rev. the Head Master, Grammar School, St. Albans, Herts.

AN Eton and Oxford Man, late Fellow of his College, Rector of a parish in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells, and of much experience in Tuition, teaches BOYS to prepare for the Public Schools. The most satisfactory references given.—Address, P. E. W. T. Mr. Hayward's Stationer, East Grinstead, Sussex.

THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above; Terms moderate.—Address, MATTHEWSON, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the UNIVERSITIES, and the CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Chris. Coll. Cambridge, prepares EIGHT PUPILS for the above, and has at present a Vacancy.—Address, "The Lanes," Croydon, S.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE EXAMINATIONS.—A Cambridge M.A., assisted by a Wrangler and other First-Class Masters, receives TEN PUPILS, and prepares them thoroughly and quickly. References to Parents of Pupils who have passed.—M.A., 6 Angel Terrace, Brighton.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, and the LINE.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Wrangler of Trinity College, Cambridge, takes PUPILS. Successful at Five Consecutive Woolwich Examinations.—Address, M.A., Dorney, near Windsor.

MILITARY EDUCATION at BROMSGROVE HOUSE, Croydon, under the Superintendence of the Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., for many years Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Military College, Addiscombe (recently dissolved). Mr. Clarke, the first at the late Sandhurst Examination, and 1,204 marks above the second on the List, was prepared entirely by Mr. JOHNSTONE; and at the last Woolwich Examination, Nos. 1 and 10 were also prepared solely at Bromsgrove House.

MATRON at ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.—This Office being vacant by the Resignation of Mrs. WILLEY, Candidates are requested to send their Applications, stating age, previous occupation, and whether married or single, on or before Twelve o'clock at noon of Saturday 28th, to the Secretary, with the words "Application for Matron" on the outside. Candidates must be single, members of the Church of England, and within the ages of Thirty and Forty-five. Salary £100 per Annum, with Board and Residence in the Hospital. Copies of the Laws may be had on application to the Secretary.

February 22, 1864. By Order of the Weekly Board, CHARLES FOSTER, Secretary. The appointment is in the hands of a Committee of Fifteen Governors, who are anxious to obtain the service of a Lady having had some experience in Nursing and the Management of Nurses.

THE EXTENSIVE THEOLOGICAL, CLASSICAL, and MISCELLANEOUS LIBRARY of the LATE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP of ELY.

MESSRS. RUSHWORTH, JARVIS, & ABBOTT are directed by the Executors to SELL by AUCTION, together with the Furniture and other Effects as advertised for SALE, on Wednesday, March 2, and following days, on the Premises, Ely House, No. 37 Dover Street, Piccadilly, the Valuable LIBRARY, comprising between 4,000 and 5,000 Volumes, and including the Works of the Fathers of the Church and other scarce and interesting books on Theology, critical editions of the Greek and Latin Authors, and various Classical Works, English Bibles Letters, including fine copies of the Second and Fourth Editions of Shakespeare's Plays, and standard works in General Literature by the most esteemed authors; also some valuable books of Prints, Claude's "Liber Veritatis," &c. Catalogues are preparing, and may be obtained, six days prior to the Sale, on the premises; and at the Offices of the Auctioneers, Savile Row, Regent Street, W.; and at No. 19 Change Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

SCHOOL HOUSE and PREMISES to LET, Aylsham, Norfolk.—To be Let, with immediate possession, yearly, or for a term of years, the Premises formerly used as the Diocesan School and afterwards as a Private Establishment, at Aylsham, in Norfolk, consisting of a good Master's House, School-room, excellent Dormitories for a Hundred Boys, with all proper Offices and Playgrounds, and an Orchard and Garden. Aylsham is twelve miles from Norwich, and eleven from Cromer, and is remarkable for its excellent air. The School consists of 110 boys, and will lately of about Ninety Boys, and there is no doubt that it offers a very fair opening for a person qualified to conduct a Classical and Commercial School on moderate terms.—For further particulars apply to Mr. WILLIAM HENRY SCOTT, Solicitor, Aylsham, Norfolk.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.—A Printing Firm, having ample resources, are prepared to undertake the PRINTING of a PERIODICAL PUBLICATION, for which they could provide convenient Publishing Offices.—Applications to be addressed, C. F. C., Mr. Limbird, 34 Strand.

VALUABLE and SCARCE BOOKS at extremely low Prices. See THE BOOK EXCHANGE for March (No. 7), 1d.; post free, 2d. No charge for Insertion to Annual Subscribers.—Office, 12 Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.—A PORTRAIT (Carte de Visite) of this eminent Artist. Post free, 1s. 6d.

A detailed List of Portraits, post free, on application. London: A. W. BENNETT, 5 Bishopsgate Without.

PHOTOGRAPHY in every Branch.—Portraits from Carte de Visite to Life Size; Family Pictures and Works of Art Copied and Enlarged or Reduced to any size; Portraits in Oil or Water Colour.—M'LEAN & HAINES, 25 Haymarket.

BOOKS for CHILDREN and YOUNG PEOPLE—PRESENTATION BOOKS for all occasions—a very carefully Selected Stock from all respectable Publishers.

EMILY FAIRFALL, Bookseller and Stationer (Printer in Ordinary to Her Majesty), 14 Princes Street, Manchester Square. A Liberal Discount allowed for Cash Purchases.

NOTICE.—ART of ILLUMINATING, by W. R. TYMMS and M. DIGBY WYATT, only 20s., published at 70s. (c.f.); British Almanack and Companion, 1864, 3s. 4d., published at 4s. (c.f.); Burke's Peerage, 1864, 3s. 4d., published at 4s. (c.f.); Clergy Directory, 1864, 8s., published at 10s. (c.f.); Post Office Directory, 1864, 30s., published at 35s. (c.f.); Speke's Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, 17s. 6d., published at 21s. (c.f.); Skyring's Builders' Price Book, 1864, 3s. 4d., published at 4s. (c.f.); C.F. means carriage free to any railway station in England and Wales. Every Book warranted perfect, and precisely the same as if the full price were paid. S. & T. GILBERT, 4 Copthall Buildings, back of the Bank of England, E.C. N.B. Catalogues gratis and post free; and all other new Books supplied on the same terms.

S. & T. GILBERT beg to call attention to the following BOOKS, which they will supply on the liberal terms quoted (c.f. means carriage free to any railway station in England and Wales):—Laxton's Builders' Price Book, 3s. 4d., published at 4s. (c.f.); Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, Part IV., 8s. 9d., published at 10s. (c.f.); Bible Colins, 2s., published at 2s. (c.f.); Complete Grazier, by Youatt and Burn, 17s. 6d., published at 21s. (c.f.); The Poor Brother, by Mrs. Sewell, 2s. 11d., published at 3s. 4d.; post free 4s.; Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, 6s., published at 6s. (c.f.); Tennison's Welcome, illustrated by Owen Jones, 17s. 6d., published at 21s. (c.f.); The Interrupted Wedding, 5s., published at 6s. (c.f.); Recollections of a Country Parson, second series, 2s. 11d., published at 3s. 4d.; post free 4s. All other new Books supplied at a discount of 5d. in the 1s. from the published prices. Catalogues gratis and post free.—London, 4 Copthall Buildings, back of the Bank of England, E.C. N.B. Every Book warranted perfect, and precisely the same as if the full price were paid.

BUCKLE and MACAULAY.—In 8vo., ELEGANTLY PRINTED, POST FREE for THREE STAMPS, CATALOGUE of a highly interesting collection of Books from the Libraries of the late H. T. Buckle, Esq., and Lord Macaulay, consisting of the Authorities consulted by those eminent Historians in compiling their celebrated Works, "THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION," and "THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND." Also a portion of the Library of a well-known and eminent F.S.A., London and Scotland, together with many curious and valuable Books obtained from various sources, for Sale by RICHARD SIMPSON, 10 King William Street, Charing Cross, W.C. BOOKS BOUGHT IN ANY QUANTITY.

ABOVE 50,000 VOLUMES of Rare, Curious, Useful, and Valuable BOOKS, Ancient and Modern, in various Languages and Classes of Literature; Splendid Books of Prints; Picture Galleries and Illustrated Works; beautifully Illuminated Manuscripts, on Vellum, &c., are NOW ON SALE, at very greatly reduced prices, by JOSEPH LILLY, 17, near the New Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. A New Catalogue, including a Selection of Books from the valuable Library of the late H. T. Buckle, Esq., will be forwarded on the receipt of Two Postage-stamps.

PENCILS, Black Lead, and Coloured Chalks.—A. W. FABER'S Polygraph Lead Pencils. Sold by all Stationers and Artists' Colourmen. Sole Agents: HEINTZMAN & ROCHER, 9 Friday Street, London, E.C.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL MAIL PARCEL SERVICE to all Parts of the World. Regularity, Speed, Economy, Safety, Punctuality. EUROPE.—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other places. ASIA.—India, Ceylon, and Eastern Seas. AFRICA.—Algeria, Egypt, Aden, West Coast, Madeira, &c., Cape Colonies, Mauritius. AMERICA.—States, British America, Havana, Mexico, West Indies, N. and S. Pacific, California, British Columbia. AUSTRALASIA.—Tasmania and New Zealand.

Shipping in all its branches. Passages engaged, baggage shipped, insurances effected. For days of registry and tariffs apply at 23 Regent Street, S.W.; Chaplin's, Regent Circus, W.; 150 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

WHEATLEY & CO. (late Waghorn), established 37 years.